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Children's Newspaper, November 18, 1939

C N CALLING

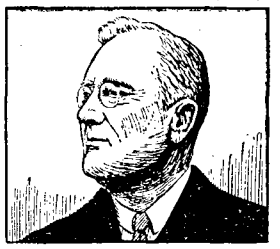
England, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just. Owen Seaman

Number 1078 NOVEMBER 18, 1939

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

MAN OF THE DAY



President Roosevelt

Thursday 2d Postage Anywhere One Halfpenny

WHILE THE WAR GOES ON IN EUROPE

An Unknown Land Yields Its Secrets

WHILE Europe prepared to go to war this summer a group of explorers issued from the high mountains and dense bush of Central New Guinea, which Australia holds as a mandate from the League of Nations. The party had been living in 20,000 square miles of unknown land since March 1938.

They had set out to follow up the work of some daring young explorers, Champion, Hides, and O'Malley of the Papuan Police Service, who in 1936 had marched through an unknown world in Central New Guinea and had seen peoples living on the great plateau of Tarifuroro, where no white man had ever been before.

In Unmapped Country

The explorers took with them 250 men as carriers, most of whom had not been in contact with Europeans before 1933. Their long marches were over ranges of hills ascending to over 11,000 feet and through dense bush country. There were no tracks, and every foot of the way had to be won from the unmapped country. Food for at least a year's exploration had to be carried by the expedition, and in addition the complete equipment of a wireless sending station.

Mount Hagen was the base of operations, and the great Sepik River was traced towards its source. Agricultural experts tested the soil as the expedition marched, and the forestry men took samples of the trees. Coming out on the central plateau, the explorers could see scores of villages set in fertile clearings, and the people they met were all friendly. The presence of so many native Papuans in the party probably suggested to the new people that white men were friends and not enemies, and they were willing that their crops should be examined.

A Second Kenya

The richness of the soil of the country suggests that one day this middle part of New Guinea may become a rich, producing district like Kenya. Sweet potatoes and sugar-cane were found in great quantities, and all supplies were carefully purchased by using the accepted currency of cowrie shell, while in parts salt was found to be exceedingly valuable as a medium of exchange.

Across the 20,000 miles of rich new lands the expedition moved, and the experts had visions of great coffee plantations, and enormous herds of cattle roaming in the gigantic clearings. Transport, of course, is a great obstacle, and the expedition was frequently held up for want of supplies; but they overcame them by air transport. The wireless set gave his direction to the airman, hundreds of miles away on the coast, and the aeroplane flew over the party on the march or in camp. It could not land, but all fragile goods were delivered by parachute, and heavier goods were lowered from the plane as it flew very low.

This expedition to discover a new land for men to live in was also a triumph of friendship. The Europeans in charge of the parties were determined that the new peoples met with on the journey should be won over as friends. Everything needed was paid for, permission was always asked before a village was entered, and presents were given to the leading men. Even when the natives showed hostility no guns were fired, the expedition waiting patiently for the talking between the leaders to begin.

The richness of the new lands is indicated by the beautiful collection of birds of paradise the explorers brought back, most of them rare and almost unknown varieties. The country needs settlers of bold determination and capable of winning the friendship of the peoples, and it may well be a home and refuge to some of the tormented peoples of the Old World.

Nurse Drops in by Parachute



Many French nurses are being trained to make parachute descents so that their services may be available quickly in isolated places. The picture shows a practice jump

LITTLE JACQUELINE AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

NOW that the World's Fair has closed its gates (at least for the winter) it is again the object of long talks; but its history knows perhaps no more exciting chapter than its first, which tells us how this Fair, on which £70,000,000 has been lavished, originated in the brain of a talkative little girl of the city

The C N has already told the story, but it is worth remembering now.

It was in New York harbour, in September 1934, that Joseph Shadgen, a machinery salesman out of work, and Jacqueline, his twelve-year-old daughter, were talking of American history when Shadgen came to say:

"In 1939 it will be just 150 years since Washington was inaugurated President, back there in Wall Street; and who knows if in 1939 there may not be a great exposition in celebration of the event?"

Birth of an Idea

"You see, my dear," he went on, "France cheated the United States out of an exposition on the hundredth anniversary of the election of Washington, for it was also the centenary of the French Revolution. They had a great exposition in Paris that year, and out of it came the Eiffel Tower."

"Then why don't they have an exposition here in New York in 1939?" exclaimed Jacqueline.

"Say! That's a wonderful idea! But expositions don't grow on trees, you know. They must be promoted."

"Well," said Jacqueline, "why don't you promote it, Dad?"

"What—me? What do you mean?" exclaimed the man. Then, after a while, he added, "After all, why not? Why shouldn't I?"

The next morning Mr Shadgen dashed to the Public Library, collected all the books on expositions, and eventually devoured some 25 of them.

Enthusiastic Friends

Then he began to stroll about New York City, hunting a site for his dream Fair. After some time he found that he was ready to share his secret with his old friend Edward Roosevelt, a land agent When Nicholas Roosevelt of the Herald Tribune heard of the idea he declared, "This is a tremendous project!" When it reached Grover Whalen, "the Doorman of the Western Hemisphere," as they called him, he exclaimed, "Why had I not thought of that?" And when it was suggested to Mayor La Guardia he said, "My goodness, if Chicago and San Francisco have been able to do it, it is just nothing for us." So the World's Fair was born.

Today the Shadgens live in a beautiful home and Jacqueline has become an attractive girl of 17.

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Lord Mayor, His City, & His Mother

ST MUNGO PRIZE WELL GIVEN

The first to receive the St Mungo Prize, to which we were referring the other day, is Mr P. J. Dollan, the Lord Provost (Lord Mayor) of Glasgow.

The prize was instituted by an unknown benefactor who entrusted a sum of money to the Union Bank of Scotland in order that its interest might yield £1000 every third year. This was to be awarded to the person who had done the most during the preceding three years to benefit Glasgow and its inhabitants.

When Lord Provost Dollan was told of the committee's decision he said that the only reason for the prize being awarded to himself could be that he stood for hundreds who were working with him to make Glasgow a finer and better city. For 25 years that had been his chief aim, and his inspiration had been his mother.

Therefore, went on Mr Dollan, I propose to invest the £1000 in Glasgow Corporation Funds and make over the interest which it yields to my mother in order that in her old age she may have a few extra comforts.

So Glasgow will benefit from the St Mungo Prize and a Scottish mother be materially recompensed for the sacrifices made in training the first citizen of Scotland's second city.

Good News From the Country

We hear two items of good news from Captain Barnes of the Church Army Lads' Sanatorium at Heath End near Farnham.

The first item is that the captain gathered over two pounds of fine raspberries in his garden on the Fifth of November, which he will now remember, we expect, as Raspberry Day instead of Fireworks Day.

The second item is that one of the boys in the sanatorium was visited by his parents the other day, and the parents arrived unhappily without the tuck box they had packed for Frank. They had lost it on the way.

The sad little tale has a happy ending, for a gentleman in Merrow saw the parcel fall from the car and had the good sense to take the car number, by which the police were able to deliver the lost parcel to its rightful owner. So Frank is happy.

The Long Trek

A great droving feat was accomplished not long ago when 5370 Shorthorn steers and cows were driven from Rocklands Station in the Northern Territory to Cooper's Creek in Far West Queensland.

The Shorthorns were on the road 12 weeks and covered 720 miles. Before setting out on their long trek they were inoculated and dipped. Only twenty of the animals were lost on the journey.

Bees in the Belfry

The little church in Hudson Heights on the Ottawa River was buzzing with activity the other day when the belfry was invaded by an immense hive of bees.

The hive was four feet long and two feet in circumference, and when it was removed all the villagers were soon in their parlours eating bread and honey, for the hive held 200 pounds of honey.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE CAR

Remarkable Experience in Congo

A remarkable story of an elephant attacking a car has been told by a professor with a scientific expedition in the Belgian Congo Game Reserve, Central Africa.

He is Professor Wellington, who was in the car with mining students from Witwatersrand University, and this is his story.

WE were being conducted through an area well known as the haunt of numerous elephants by the chief warden of the reserve, when we spotted a big bull some distance from the road. We were approaching him in our three cars in order to take photographs, when he suddenly turned and, with a terrific bellow, charged the leading car.

I shall never forget the scene which followed. The animal drove his tusks through the roof of the car and heaved it in the air like a toy, with the eight occupants helpless inside. The clouds of dust almost hid the car from sight, while the elephant's maddened trumpeting echoed through the bush. Finally he twisted his trunk round the side of the car and rolled it over. At this point the other members of the party in the following cars, who had been temporarily paralysed by the suddenness of the attack, tried to scare the beast away by shouting and banging on tins. A door of the attacked car was flung open and we saw Professor Geevers attempting to clamber out. At that moment the elephant rolled the car over again and the professor was pinned underneath.

Then after looking at us the elephant turned and quietly walked away. To our surprise he lay down in the veld about 75 yards away, and when we returned the next day we found him lying dead. He must have been extremely ill, which probably made him bad-tempered and accounted for the attack.

God's Army is on the March

In the early days of the League of Nations General Smuts, one of its most earnest champions and most eloquent leaders, addressed these moving words to us all when he was leaving for his beloved South Africa.

THE League is still but a child, and it has powerful enemies. Herod tried to kill a still greater Child, and its parents had to flee with it into Egypt. Now, too, there are Herods about. As in August 1914, we seem once more to be plunging into a dark night, and the outcome of the new adventure is hid from everyone but God.

And yet I have the conviction that out of all this evil good will come. We see the political situation dissolving and disappearing in a vast moral situation. Very deep springs of feeling are being released. The world is beginning to realise that a great moral tragedy is taking place. But force always in the end overreaches and defeats itself, and it is going to do so now. The battleground is being transferred to the forum of public opinion and the moral conscience. Against the armies of force are being mobilised the still greater army whose influence is always decisive in the end. Amid the marchings of the armies on the present stage in Europe I see a vaster army gathering in the dim background; and in it I see the faces of the millions of our young men who died that the world might live.

Let us not lose heart. We have been losing ground badly since the writing of the Covenant, but the great reinforcements are coming. God's Army is also on the march.

Professor Branly Carries On

ONE of the pioneers of the Wireless Age is living quietly in Paris in these exciting days, happy and healthy at 95. He has just been keeping his birthday.

He is Professor Edouard Branly, whose inquiring mind and persistent experiments led to an invention which made wireless practicable.

It was only a little instrument that he invented, an instrument which others improved and Marconi perfected, the coherer. But it was this coherer that enabled Marconi to receive the first messages across space.

Improved methods soon replaced the coherer, but neither instrument nor Professor Branly will ever be forgotten in the story of wireless.

The existence of wireless waves had long been known—indeed Professor Hughes had discovered that a tube of glass filled loosely with zinc and silver filings when joined up with a battery and a telephone was sensitive to electric sparks at a distance.

Heinrich Hertz too had discovered that wireless waves resulted from the discharge backward and forward of electricity from a Leyden jar. He also had made an instrument which would pick up these waves at a short distance, but the bent wire hoop which he used would not react even to a powerful sending apparatus when far away. Years might have been lost before communication by wireless began had it not been for the experiments which Branly carried out at the quiet institute in Paris where he taught boys science. Branly found that certain metal filings were sensitive to these waves. He placed these filings in a tube, cut the wire between a battery and a galvanometer, and inserted the tube between the two ends of the wire.

Every time a wireless wave was produced by the Hertzian sparking apparatus the filings in the tube came together and the current from the battery was able to pass through and move the needle of the galvanometer. In this way Branly sent his first wireless signals across the quadrangle of the institute. Practical wireless was born.

Yet for a few years even men of science did not realise its possibilities. Then Sir Oliver Lodge produced a practical form of this coherer, and Marconi, improving it still more, used it for receiving messages across the sea.

But Professor Branly has gone on teaching and experimenting. Counting the mysteries and wonders of Nature of far greater account than anything, he carries on, a noble example to Young France and Young Europe.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

£1000 has been given by the National Union of Teachers to buy boots and clothing for evacuated children.

Canada's supply of wheat, said to be one of the four biggest crops in the history of the Dominion, totalled 349,984,562 bushels.

About 600 bridges were destroyed by retreating Polish troops when the Germans invaded their country.

Summer Time ends on the night of November 18-19, so remember to put the hands of your clocks back one hour on Saturday night.

Newspapers are to be supplied officially to the British troops overseas.

Experiments made with cars run on oil from palms, soya beans, and monkey-nuts show that Empire-grown crops may provide a cheap and immense supply of auxiliary fuel.

The King has offered the mews at Buckingham Palace as an emergency A R P hospital for horses, ponies, and donkeys that may be injured in air raids.

About 400,000 Boy Scouts are collecting waste paper and selling it for the Red Cross.

Bushey Park, which has been grassland since Napoleon's time, is being ploughed up to grow corn.

Lady Penton points out that dead michaelmas daisy stems make first class kindling wood for fires.

Ambulances and trucks adaptable for stretcher-carrying to the value of half-a-million pounds are being made by Fords for Rumania.

Lifeboats have been launched over 150 times since the war began and have saved over 200 lives.

The Battlefield in Dots

The blind are to have their own map of the Western Front. For some days an expert at the National Institute's London headquarters has been tapping dots in a metal plate from which the paper copies of a war map will eventually be embossed.

Using a hammer and a set of punches, the embosser stamps out various combinations of dots to indicate the main features of the vast battlefield.

One kind of dot represents the Siegfried Line, another the Maginot Line, another the frontier, and another the river system. The position of a town or village is shown by a key letter in Braille.

The map will be given away with the National Braille Times, the wartime newspaper published by the National Institute for the Blind.

Burgomaster Max

A great citizen has passed on in Adolphe Max, Burgomaster of Brussels for over 30 years. His courage and humour gave strength to the Allies in the tragic opening days of the Great War, while a message of comradeship to London's Lord Mayor when this war began reminded the world that his love of freedom was as deep as ever. He will ever remain an inspiration.

THINGS SEEN

Notice in a small shop:

"Later you may register here—that is, if we need rations at all, thanks to the Navy, God bless them!"

A swan holding up traffic in the streets of Preston.

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PIRATE SHIPS AT SEA

What the Law Says About Them

Somewhere at sea German war vessels, surface and submarine, are replenishing supplies that enable them to carry on their acts of piracy against British and neutral shipping.

Evidence furnished to our Government suggests that meetings at sea are arranged by wireless between the raiders and German ships that have sought shelter in neutral ports, and that later the vessels that have wirelessed from such ports, breaking parole, creep out at night and sail away, taking oil fuel and other necessaries to the raiders out on the ocean.

Two recent examples of this lawless elopement are the German ship Emmy Friedrich, which stole out from the Mexican harbour of Tampico, with nearly 40,000 barrels of oil fuel, and the Dresden, which stealthily raised steam and sailed, unauthorised, from Valparaiso.

A ship owned by a nation at war, once it seeks permanent shelter in a neutral harbour, is supposed by international law to be interned for the duration of hostilities. She breaks the law if she escapes after seeking sanctuary, but the nation carelessly permitting such an escape is also liable for the loss and damage she effects or enables another ship to cause.

It cost us millions of pounds in compensation for the damage caused by the Alabama after we had permitted her to sail from an English port to harry Federal shipping during the American Civil War. One Senator of the aggrieved party declared that nothing but the cession of Canada would satisfy the affronted Northerners, but Tennyson wrote to Mr Gladstone that if he let the Yankees have their way he would refuse, like John Hampden, to pay the ship-money.

BLACKING-OUT LANCASHIRE

The C N was talking not long ago about the problem of blacking out Alexandra Palace; but even this great task is small compared with the problem facing the cotton mills of Lancashire.

Soon it will be dark before the mills begin work for the day, and it will be dark again long before stopping time comes.

There are acres of weaving sheds which somehow, some way, will have to be darkened. To darken them with a permanent black is impossible, for weaving is difficult in continuous electric light. There are huge spinning mills like gigantic greenhouses, six and seven stories high, with hundreds and hundreds of windows.

Millions of square yards of material will be needed to blackout these great cotton mills. Oldham's mills can be seen for miles and miles.

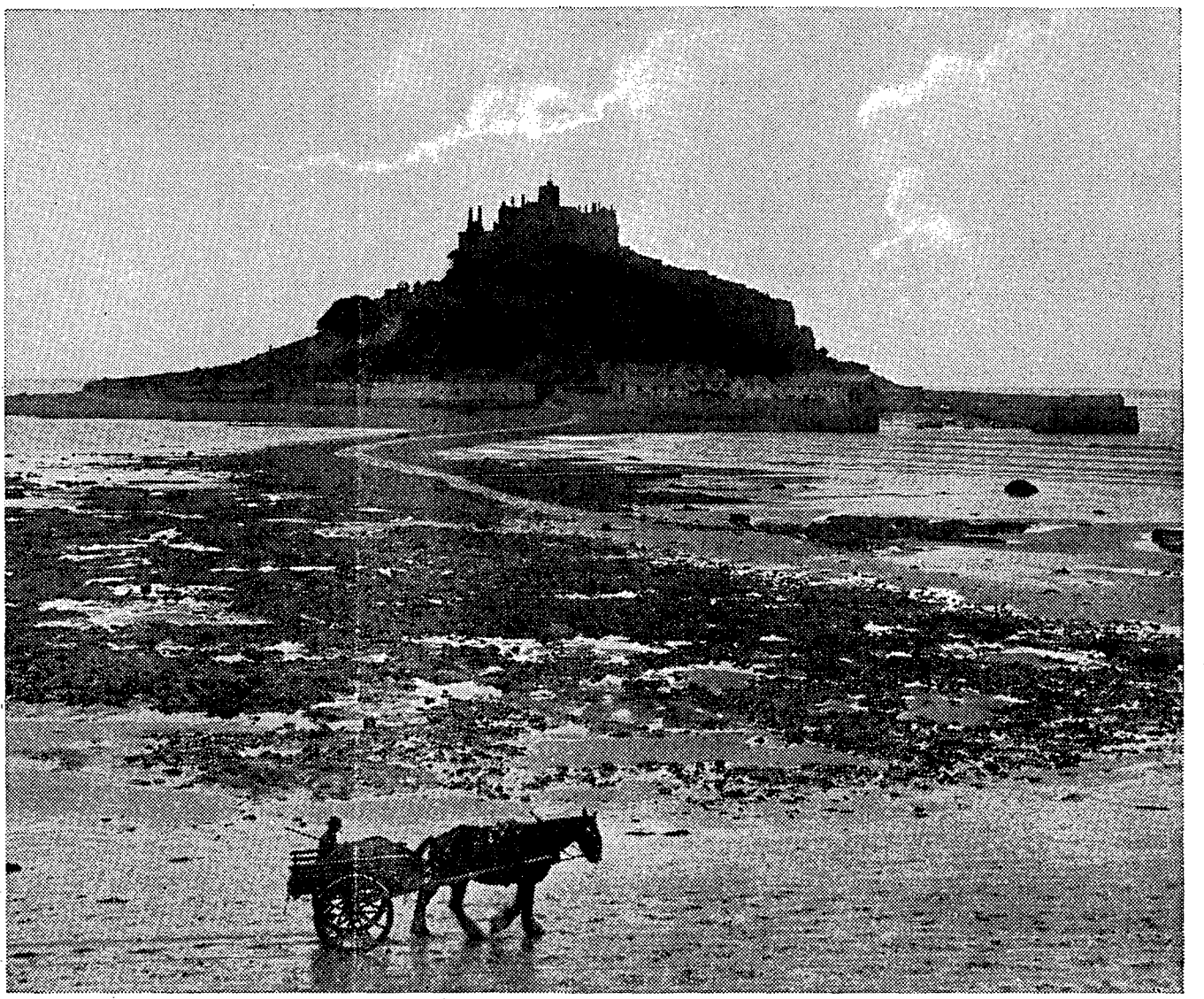
One firm in Hyde needs 10,000 square yards, one in Burnley needs 15,000, one in Blackburn needs 20,000.

It is good to know that the mill folk are doing a lot of voluntary sewing to get all these blinds ready.

Work and Play on the Sands at Low Tide



Mill Hill schoolboys who have been evacuated to the North-West Coast keeping fit by throwing the javelin



Carting away a load of seaweed in the shadow of St Michael's Mount on the coast of Cornwall

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AMERICA IS WITH US

A Great Triumph and Its Value to the Allies

AMERICANS are watching events in Europe with intense interest and not a little emotion, and both their hearts and minds have found expression in the Neutrality Act which has now been passed by Congress—with bigger majorities than its advocates expected.

This Act satisfies the emotions of the big-hearted American people in that it enables the magnificent resources of their country to become available to those who are fighting Freedom's battle, and it satisfies the American mind which has decided to have no active part in the Hitler War. The Act even meets the angry American's jibe that this country and its allies has never paid the bill for the last war.

The Neutrality Act permits any belligerent to buy arms and munitions from American firms if they fetch them in their own ships and pay for them. This means that no debts may be incurred with American subjects, the purchases being paid for either by cash or by negotiable documents representing goods imported into America.

A Considerable Sacrifice

On the other hand, no American ship may carry goods or passengers to this country, France, or Germany, or even to those neutral countries whose trade must pass through the North Sea. America, therefore, will not run the risk of being drawn into the war because her ships or citizens have been lost owing to enemy action, nor will they have to submit to search for contraband off our coast.

Though the Act will benefit American manufacturers, who will be kept busy as long as the Allies can find money or exports with which to pay for their war needs, it means a considerable sacrifice on the part of the merchant marine of America, in which the Government itself has millions of pounds invested. Unless their vessels can be sold to Scandinavian, Belgian, Dutch, or other neutral traders many of them will have to be laid up and thousands of seamen thrown out of employment.

We hope this will only be temporary and that the routes to the Dominions, with whom America can still trade in goods not connected with war, will be supplemented.

Shortening the War

However, President Roosevelt has taken the long view in persuading his countrymen to adopt a policy which not only involves temporary hardship, but also hurts the national pride in the fact that the Stars and Stripes cannot be flown on every sea. He has realised that the Act will shorten the war and will enable his own country to build up reserves of its own in case America, too, should be threatened by the enemies of democracy.

An America sympathetic and strong will be of inestimable value to us in the difficult days before us, and every friend of Freedom everywhere must thank God for President Roosevelt and his achievements in enabling the country to give practical expression to its sympathy with our common Motherland.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Blighty. There seems to be a revival of this word by soldiers at the front as a half-jesting, half-earnest reference to the homeland. The word is not very beautiful and sounds like slang, but its origin is quite good. It was first used by British soldiers in India who coined it from the Hindustani word belati, meaning home.

Branded Goods. These are the manufactured or partly manufactured goods which are imported into this country and the Dominions from foreign countries. These imports must be marked (or branded) in order that the British manufactures of similar nature may be bought by those who desire to do so. It is too often forgotten that a big proportion of branded goods are used in this country as raw materials for our own finished goods, so that to ban them would injure our own industries. Also, it is with branded goods that we help to pay for our food imports.

Continental System. This is the phrase used for the policy adopted by Napoleon in his great effort to bring Britain to her knees. It is probable that Hitler will try to repeat Napoleon's experiment, which was a scheme to close the Continent to British goods, and was very effective while Russia remained an ally of France. As a counter measure Britain declared a blockade of the coast of Europe and neutral shipping suffered heavily at the hands of all the belligerents. British ships persisted in carrying on trade in defiance of Napoleon's orders, and Napoleon failed in his wild project.

Emden. The threat to the trading routes by German warships has revived memories of what was accomplished by the German Navy in the early weeks of the Great War. The most notorious ship in those days was the cruiser Emden, which harried British trade in the Indian Ocean, capturing 17 merchant ships, setting fire to oil-tanks at Madras, and torpedoing two French destroyers and a Russian cruiser at Penang. At last the Australian cruiser H M S Sydney found and destroyed her at the Cocos Islands, making her Captain Muller a prisoner of war and doing him honour because his methods of fighting were more honourable than those of many other German officers.

Jingo. General Hertzog has thought fit to declare that the British have embarked on a Jingo War. He is quite under a delusion in this respect, for it is in no Jingo spirit that the British Commonwealth has acted. This word Jingo came into general use when a popular song writer used it in a song supporting Disraeli's policy in supporting Turkey against Russia in 1878: We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do. The word thus came to stand for a blustering warlike policy in which the domination of other peoples at all costs is the motive.

Pocket-Battleship. Under the Treaty of Versailles Germany was largely disarmed and her battleships restricted in size to 10,000 tons. This led Germany to make the most of the tonnage and she aimed at speed and the strongest armament the limit of size would allow; hence the term pocket-battleship. The result is a very fast ship with a powerful armament of six 11-inch guns, but lightly armoured. Few of the world's fighting ships have so great a speed

India Must Be With Us

THE FUTURE OF THE VAST EASTERN EMPIRE

The pressure of the Congress Party in Indian politics is leading to great difficulty, and the demand for a definite promise of Dominion Status for India is being backed up by the resignation of several provincial Governments.

INDIA comes to the Empire in this hour of her struggle to preserve the freedom and security of all peoples, with a promise in one hand and a perplexing problem in the other.

The promise is an undertaking to give the Empire to the utmost of the Indian peoples' ability, their material and moral aid. India has no doubts about the side to take. Her interest no less than her instinct, impels her to oppose the aggression of powerful nations against their weaker neighbours, and to join the crusade against the blind unequal law of violence.

Self-Government

India is with us in the fight; and this is a great thing, for it means that more than half the Eastern world will have rallied to our side.

But with the offer comes a condition. How will Britain respond to India? Four years ago the British Parliament passed the India Act which gave to British India a generous measure of self-government by States, with the further prospect that as the scheme developed, and as the native Indian voter learnt to understand the meaning of self-government and the uses of elections, British India should become a Dominion, like Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and should govern herself. In other words, India would achieve independence.

These concessions to India were resisted by a number of people in Parliament, and by Anglo-Indians elsewhere, because they felt that the measure went too fast and too far. India was not ripe for it, some declared; and others gloomily predicted that Britain would lose India in consequence. These apprehensions were not stilled when, after some difficulties in getting India's millions to vote, an Indian Congress Party was formed with renewed strength, and with an unsatisfied appetite for more.

Urgent Demands

In the world crisis which has now arisen, the Congress Party's demands have become more urgent. Stripped of the less important suggestions that Great Britain should declare her war aims (which everyone knows), or that she should outline the policy she will follow when the war ends (which none can entirely forecast), what the Congress Party wants Britain to promise is that India shall not be asked to wait for independence and self-government, but that it shall be granted to her at the end of the war.

This would not be impracticable or undesirable if India in any way resembled other British Dominions. Australia and New Zealand are each one race to all intents and purposes. Canada's two races, French and British, have settled down into accord. South Africa has British and Dutch who are learning to live and pull together, and they offer an example of the benefit of generous treatment to peoples under British sovereignty.

So, one might argue, it might and should be with India. Now is the time to promise generously, and as soon as possible to fulfil the promise amply and without reservations. Why not trust India? It is said, and we are told, that the reward would be immediate and prospective.

The difficulty is that India, with a population of hundreds of millions, and with an embarrassing number of races of various religions and in all stages of development, is not as other countries or peoples are. The Congress Party, to begin with, is chiefly recruited from the Hindu population, and is led by the better-educated Hindus. It is not in agreement with the powerful minority of Moslems; and the conflict between Moslem and Hindu is of long standing, and appears inveterate. There are other outsiders, of whom we need mention only one, the Untouchables, whose cause the C N has often championed.

A Party Divided

This Party is even divided against itself. On one wing is Mahatma Gandhi, in lifelong opposition to British rule, who has nevertheless learnt the value of compromise, and has perceived that even the Congress Party is not without blemish; on the other wing is Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, whose love for his native India is without blemish, who has been educated at an English university, yet has suffered at our hands for his opinions. He is a patriot and a statesman, but his sympathies are not with the more influential and prosperous members of the Congress Party, but with the poor peasants, the submerged millions of his country.

There remain others not silent like these hewers of wood and drawers of water. There are the Indian princes, rulers of the immense Native States which are not British India but embrace an India of their own, consenting to our overlordship. Their loyalty to our cause is unquestioned. Their aid is offered to us without conditions. They must be heard; and their voice is not raised in support of the self-governing India for which the Indian Congress asks an immediate or early establishment.

The Voice of India

India is so vast; it has so many interests and parties that it is hard to say that any or all speak with the Voice of India. The clamorous may speak loudest, but wisdom may not be with them. There are signs in the many conferences the Viceroy has had with the representatives of the parties that their diverse aspirations may be reconciled, and a useful compromise effected. Great Britain stands to gain most from such a compromise, and when the leaders of parties can be brought to speak for all India that will be the time for Britain to act without too much fear of consequences, to deal generously, and to remember that he gives twice who gives quickly.

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NARROW ESCAPE OF THE ORIOLE FAMILY

On a tree by a window of the Hostetler farm near Adrian, Michigan, two little birds sat the other day and twittered to a farmer and his family.

They were Mr and Mrs Baltimore Oriole, and they began to build a nest. Mrs Oriole laid two eggs, and soon the baby birds hatched out.

Then one morning a catastrophe happened. A new gardener who was pruning the trees chopped off the bough where the Oriole family had set up house, and carted it away with him in his truck. It was not long before the Hostetler family discovered their loss and raced after the truck. Then the difficulty was to find the nest among the pile of severed boughs, but find it they did, with the mother bird and her chicks still safe inside it!

MOTHER OF TEN

We heard the other day of a mother of ten who has eight sons of military age. Two of the sons are in the R A F, and the other six are waiting their country's call, all ready to fight for peace.

One day a neighbour looked in to see this mother of ten, offering her a word of sympathy. "You must be too worried to sleep," said the neighbour.

"It might have been much worse," she said. "At present I shall do the worrying for all of them, for not one is married or has a family, which means that instead of several women being harassed there is only me."

WHY NOT?

Reading has just taken the step of asking the Health Ministry to allow it to go on building in wartime. The town suffers from an acute housing shortage and asks permission to build 203 new dwellings.

MR SWIFT HAS AN IDEA

The other afternoon when school was over hundreds of children in St Louis, Missouri, were to be seen energetically planting trees.

It was Mr John Swift, a St Louis business man, who was responsible for the children's sudden interest in gardening. He had had the lovely idea of buying 100,000 young Chinese elm trees and giving them to the city on condition that the schoolchildren would plant and tend them.

BRER RABBIT

The rabbit as a pest is sufficiently indicted; Brer Rabbit takes no notice but continues to flourish his tail and bring up large families.

It is estimated that the value of this winter's crop of English rabbit skins will be in the neighbourhood of £1,000,000 to £1,500,000, and the bulk of these skins will be exported to the United States, thereby providing the British Government with American currency.

We may doubt these figures, but there is no doubt that the rabbit usefully adds to many small incomes.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

It is now advisable to plan for next year's crops, so that as ground becomes cleared it may be properly treated for the next sowing. Most crops need manure, and some a great deal more than others. Trenching is advantageous and stiff soil should be ridge-trenched.

Plant roses and protect them from the effects of severe frost by surrounding them with bracken or other rough litter.

Lift and protect any half-hardy herbaceous plants before severe weather sets in.

Queer News About Microbes

VITAMINS are almost as much a household word now as radium was when first discovered, and everyone is ready to believe that they are good for us, though only the scientific people can say why or how.

But two of these scientific authorities have lately discovered that the smallest plants and microscopic animals need vitamins as much as we do.

The first experiments were made with the so-called nitrogen-fixing bacteria which supply the needed nitrogenous food to the roots of clover, peas, beans, and such plants. It was found that these bacteria could not live or multiply without a certain vitamin. The bacteria only needed a dose equal to one part in a million of water, but without it could not grow at all.

Another example was from the microscopic organism azotobacter, which grows free in the soil, and has a very stimulating effect on the crops of turnips or carrots. But azotobacter cannot flourish or act without its own small food supply of molybdenum (a metal which hardens steel) and of tungsten, used in electric filaments.

FOR THE RED CROSS

During the last war a brother and sister worked hard for the Red Cross. Now they are too old, but the other day the sister walked into the Red Cross headquarters in London, and gave the secretary 80 gold sovereigns and 40 half-sovereigns.

OPENING UP AUSTRALIA'S INTERIOR

In an effort to place it on the tourist map an expedition is now making an 8000-mile tour of Central Australia.

Equipped with motion picture apparatus, two film operators and two motorists have left Adelaide for Perth, Broome, Wyndham, and Derby, and then on to Darwin and back to Adelaide.

Maps and films will be made of this little-known land, and besides showing the different kinds of scenery the pictures will show motorists how to drive a car in the wilds. They will see, for example, how to cross rivers, and that when driving over sandy country it is a good idea to lay down coil matting.

ANOTHER NEUTRAL

A schoolboy somewhere in England: What are the Germans attacking Scotland for? I thought they were fighting against England?

FIRE FIGHTERS AT WORK

Boys, and many of their sisters too, will be thrilled by the contents of Modern Boy's Book of Fire Fighters. This vividly illustrated book tells us what happens when the fire alarm is pulled, and how fires are fought by land and sea all over the world. The volume is splendid value at five shillings.

HE WAS IMPRESSED

Rather quaint is the story of the poor evacuee who, at the end of a long day, found himself billeted in a beautiful old house in Cheshire. "Well," exclaimed the boy, "if I'd known I was coming to a nice house like this I'd have brought my watch!"

YOUR SILVER PAPER IN WARTIME

It was a good idea in peacetime to save your silver paper. Now in war it is still more necessary.

If you can let a hospital have your silver paper you will be doing the nation a good turn as well as helping up the hospital funds, for a Yorkshire firm pays about £20 a ton for silver paper.

Warning: Do not roll the paper into a ball. This only means more work for those who convert it into material needed for armaments. Keep it flat.

THE SANDAL BOX

The Chinese declare that boots are hindering Japan's advance into China.

The heavy army boot is a serious handicap to the Japanese soldiers, for they cannot scramble up steep hillsides as quickly as the Chinese can in their comfortable sandals.

The heel-less, paper-soled sandals are made of rice straw, and cost very little. Though they wear out fairly quickly they are easily procurable, for all along the roadsides in China sandals may be seen hanging on posts. A tin box is nailed to the post and the passer-by who wants a new pair of sandals merely drops a few coins into the box and helps himself to footwear!



NEW GENERAL The Salvation Army's new chief, General George Carpenter, surveying with his wife his world command

EVER LET THE FANCY ROAM

Many delightful customs are growing up with our new factories; our Industrial Age has not entirely destroyed the imagination of the people who work in the mills.

One example of this was seen not long ago when the Queen visited a clothing factory. On the back of the chair on which a girl sat busy sewing she noticed a chain of silver wedding bells, and on the girl's head a wreath of orange blossom. The Queen learned that this was the custom with any of the girls about to be married.

In the great new glove and leather works growing up in the North it is the custom to tie a pair of pure white gloves on the back of any girl about to be married, and the men have an old horseshoe hanging precariously by a thin thread over their heads.

In the hatting industries, also in Lancashire, an almost similar custom obtains, but this time a miniature hat is hung over the place where the bride sits at her work.

11,000 SHEEP IN A TRAIN

A train hundreds of yards long filled with 11,000 sheep made the journey from Corella in New South Wales to Yea in Victoria the other day.

It was the biggest single sheep train seen on the Victorian Railways for ten years, and was made up of 72 freight cars.

THE SEVEN LOUTS

Coatesville in Pennsylvania has a stern way of dealing with litter louts.

Seven young men who were arrested the other day for throwing waste paper about were ordered to write out this sentence a hundred times:

This is your Town and mine—help to keep it clean.

2000 MILLIONS BY BUS

No fewer than 2222 million passengers travelled by bus on the London Transport Board's system in the year ending last June.

This is out of a total of 3782 millions carried by the Board on its complete system of tubes, buses, and trams.

The crowding increases, and at some points in the rush hours, morning and evening, business people, including girls, have to waste much precious time; in bad weather the case is serious. The increase of passengers in the last year was 52 millions!

THE WAR UNDERGROUND

The International Labour Office issues a grave report on mining conditions.

It points out that in the present century 200,000 coal miners have been killed and 15,000,000 badly injured in the world's coal mines. Each year adds 5000 killed and 400,000 injured to this total.

The discussion of the report at Geneva has been postponed by the war.

To deal with our own country alone, of every 1000 British miners 200 are so badly injured every year as to be off duty for over three days.

The worst pits are in Japan, and the safest are in Holland.

THE CURTAIN WAITS

The curtain will not go up in theatres in Rio de Janeiro now until all the women in the audience have taken off their hats, a new regulation which is meeting with universal approval.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
NOVEMBER 18 ❁ ❁ 1939

Fools and Pools

WE think that millions of our countrymen will read with regret that the Football Pools have begun again.

Our people have better things to do in these days than to fool away their time in pools and nobler uses for their savings than to fill a gambler's pocket with them.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who declared himself neutral in peace-time so long as he got the revenue, must surely prefer in wartime that money wasted on pools should go into the Treasury.

❁

The Architect's Plight

AMONG those hit by war the architect is suffering with exceptional severity. Private building is at a standstill and too much necessary public building is being done without competent advice.

The nation makes architecture a reserved occupation for men over 30, but that is small consolation to the idle architect. We can only plead that when barracks or other buildings are required the departments should remember that an architect is not merely a decorating agent; it is his office and his pride to make space as useful as possible, and he is in the best sense a business man and an economist.

❁

Volume Two

WE do not always see the end of things that we begin.

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler has been reminding us that our great historian Professor Freeman wrote a book of which this was the title:

History of Federal Government from the Foundation of the Achaean League to the Disruption of the United States: Volume One.

The professor was writing in 1863 when the Civil War was raging, and Volume Two was presumably to have dealt with the disappearance of the United States. But the U S did not disappear, and the second volume did not appear!

Dr Murray Butler adds the hope that those who look forward to the failure of the idea of a League of Nations may even yet find that things are not as they seem.

❁

The Good Things Go On

THE good things of the world go on.

Ten Thousand Pounds for Chailey, that noble school which makes fine citizens out of cripples.

One Hundred Thousand Pounds for the R A F from the Nizam of Hyderabad.

These, and many similar gifts, are splendid news, speaking of the loyalty and generosity which never die out in the world.

❁

JUST AN IDEA

How true it is that progress in civilisation is limited only by the extent to which we use our brains.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Making the Most of Life

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

The Boy. How much can school do for a boy or a girl?

The Man. The short answer is that it can make the most of them. It cannot find what is not there, but it can make useful all that the child possesses, and that is much indeed. It is a splendid thing to bring out the innate and glorious gifts that belong to the humblest of us.

Boy. What are those gifts?

Man. A body that can be trained in strength and agility, with hands deft and cunning, and every sense a delight to the owner. A brain that can learn and understand and find in every object, organic and inorganic, a wonder and an entertainment. A spirit that can become courageous and humane, moving to great adventure and great compassion.

Boy. Are we really all as wonderful as that?

Man. Yes, save in exceptional cases of infirmity that need not detain us. The average person, the common man as he is sometimes called, is a compound of marvels that too often are not realised by their possessor. We ought to have a proper pride in our human gifts, and a true education should make us think much of ourselves.

Boy. Isn't that to be conceited?

Man. Not at all! Conceit is to be proud of small attainments; to think we have done much when we have done little. A conceited person over-values what he has accomplished, and that may cause him to neglect the proper education of his gifts. A natural pride in living, in being, in working, in the valuation of our human estate, ought not to make us conceited, for we should reflect that our gifts need further development. Pride in human life should be one with determination to be worthy of our endowment as human beings.

Boy. Is it bad, then, to lead a child to undervalue itself?

Man. It is very bad. The child should possess self-respect as the first element of character, and it is a grave offence to lead a child to belittle life. We are born the inheritors of great possessions, of riches beyond counting, of glorious power to appreciate our destiny. Who teaches a child to despise its gifts wrongs a life that, given encouragement and proper training, could become both useful and happy.

Boy. Need proper pride and self-respect make us over-serious?

Man. No more than they need make us conceited. We have to learn that our great gifts do not make us infallible, and we must be prepared to laugh heartily at ourselves when we blunder. I like the boy or man who says with a grin: "What a chump I am—but don't tell anybody!"

Boy. What of education and earning one's living?

Man. The greater includes the less. If a child consents to be educated in body and mind, it becomes fit for a wide range of activities, and therefore fit to earn a living. Understanding of the nature of things, of the first principles that underlie all economic operations, is a wonderful help in what is sometimes called the battle of life. No one ever regrets the trouble taken to acquire learning, but how many find cause to regret bitterly the neglect of it.

Boy. I should like to learn and to discover. Discovery is wonderful, but when I look at the books of learning, especially of science, I feel that most of the great discoveries must have been made.

Man. The truth is that still greater discoveries await those who have adventurous minds. Think how recently men have discovered wireless communication and television, how to make flying machines, the secrets of diseases. The discoveries to come will be far more wonderful still. Above all, men have yet to learn so to govern States that peace may be secure. Education is the universal secret to unlock progress. It provides an arsenal of tools. As Carlyle said, An educated man stands as in the midst of a boundless arsenal filled with all the weapons and engines man's skill has been able to devise, and these tools are always increasing in number and power. Learn to use them and give yourself power.

Under the Editor's Table

IF railway carriages are too dark to read in, says a writer, people should talk. Grumble because they can't read?

⊡

A NEW book is on Hitler Through the Ages. The ages will soon be through with him.

⊡

POETRY is coming back. Publishers can never make it go.

⊡

SOME people hate to have their photographs taken. Especially if they are taken by surprise.

⊡

DO not stop carrying your gas-mask. Just carry on.

⊡

A GROCER who charged a customer too much had to repay a penny. The customer fetched a copper.

⊡

A DRAMATIC critic is writing communiqués for the Admiralty. The right man for critical times.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If we are making light of the blackout

HER BIT OF ETERNITY

SHE was eight and she was adapting herself to her new school in the country, having come far over the hills from the city where the noise of aircraft filled the sky.

The school was the most beautiful place she had ever seen, for woods rose high above it, silent cedars of Lebanon spread their great limbs over its lawns, there was a lake where strange birds flew and queer things plopped into the water if you stood still and quiet.

She was walking slowly, feeling a little lost. It was the botany lesson, and the teacher had sent her out by herself to look for a pinnate leaf. "A leaf with several leaves arranged equally on either side," she kept saying, while thoughts of her old school with its masses of sandbags and men in steel hats continued to haunt her.

Then suddenly it all seemed to go. She became aware that the cedars and the woods on the hills and the things in the lake and she were one.

"It was very lovely being there, just by myself, while all the other children were in school. I felt as if it all belonged to me." So she wrote to her parents, who were asking themselves if mankind would build a new world after this war.

The letter did not answer that query, but it told them there is always a new world waiting to be discovered, if you happen to go on looking for a pinnate leaf; an old world always new and calm for the healing of hearts. Eight-Year-Old had found it in a moment that was a bit of eternity.

❁

Brighter Days

DAYS are dark now, nights are haunted
By the drone of fighting planes;
We are harassed or encouraged
By our losses and our gains.
But in spite of all the anguish,
All our sorrow for the dead,
We are living, we are longing,
For the brighter days ahead.

We are fighting for the freedom
Of all nations, great and small;
We are fighting for the visions
Which are stirring one and all,
Visions of a singing morrow
When the roar of guns shall cease,
And the nations shall be challenged
By the spaciousness of peace.

H. L. G.

❁

I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing loved me, though no show was made of it, while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who set no value on such little things. Washington Irving

❁

She kept life fragrant with good deeds and prayer,
And fresh and pure the white flower of her soul.

On a memorial in Stanmer Park to Lilla, Countess of Chichester

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The Old Folks at Home

WAY down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam ;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home !

All round the little farm I wandered
When I was young.
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother
Happy was I ;
Oh, take me to my kind old mother !
There let me live and die.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming
All round the comb ?
When will I hear the banjo tumming
Down in my old home ?

All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam ;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home !

Stephen Collins Foster

THE LONELY FLOWER

I ONCE saw a botanist most tenderly replace a plant which he had inadvertently uprooted, though we were on a bleak hillside in Tibet, where no human being was likely to see the flower again. Sir Francis Younghusband

The Beggar and the Prince

I WOULD recommend every young man to take to heart the following lines. *There are two points in the adventure of the diver :*

One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.

Sir Ernest Shackleton

Worth All We Have

BOSWELL : People go through the world very well and carry on the business of life to good advantage without learning

Johnson : Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use ; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts who were the first sailors.

Johnson then called to the boy : What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts who were the first sailors ?

Sir, said the boy, I would give what I have.

Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. My friend then turning to me : " Sir," he said, " a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind, and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

From Boswell's Life of Johnson

BEING ALIVE

MERELY to be alive is adventure enough in a world like this, so erratic and disjoined ; so lovely and so odd, and mysterious and profound. It is, at any rate, a pity to remain in it half-dead. Walter de la Mare

Speak About Palm Trees

IT is well to know the truth and speak it, but it is better to know the truth and speak about palm trees.

An Arab Proverb

CARRY ON





Lords and Commons, Consider What a Nation This Is

LORDS and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.



John Milton

Is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts ?

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Zion should be sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe ? Now once again, by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, God is decreeing to begin some new and great reformation in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself.

What does He, then, but reveal Himself to His servants, and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen ?

Behold now this vast city—a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation ; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek knowledge ? What wants there to such a pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies ?

I doubt not if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring Roman docility and courage, " If such were my people, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted, to make a kingdom happy."

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

Milton's Areopagitica

So Long As English Songs Are Sung

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right.
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight ;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives ;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.
Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Motherland ;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still. Alfred Austin

My Name is Ozymandias, King of Kings

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed :
And on the pedestal these words appear :
My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Shelley

The Foundations

IF you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost ; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them. Thoreau

GO AND SUBDUE

YOU brave, heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Go and subdue
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home in shame.

Britons, you stay too long :
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And in a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Michael Drayton

Ah, Well

AH, well, there is just this world and the next, and then all our troubles will be over.

An Old Lady in Lady Oxford's Memoirs

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty ;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare.
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed :
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft. Charles Dibdin

The Workman in His Pride

I CAN'T abide to see men throw away their tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it. George Eliot

ALL WE LIKE SHEEP

SHOW me half a dozen people whom I can persuade that it is not the sun that gives light, and I should not despair of whole nations holding the same opinions. Fontenelle

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A Polish Drama Has a Happy Ending

UNHAPPY Poland, cradle of genius and valour, steeped today in suffering as, like Prometheus bound to his rock, she lies the prey of vultures, seems to have a genius for the sombrely dramatic in her recurrent sorrows; nothing commonplace or prosaic characterises her pilgrimage of woe.

She had three enemies, despoilers and invading overlords, until the Great War gave her a score of years of national liberty and freedom in 1918. They were Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and against each in turn she lifted up her voice.

During a period of exceptional persecution last century the Poles, feeling certain that the British Army would go to their aid against Russia, daily watched the Vistula, convinced that it was by that route that British help would arrive.

There stood a famous tree by the river as it coursed through Warsaw, and in some mysterious way the tree came to be associated with this legend of deliverance, and the simple Poles looked to it for some mystic manifestation, a sign and symbol that help was at hand.

The Russians cured all that structure of error. They cut down the tree. When the tragic tide of conflict turned against Russia during the Great War, the Poles in Cracow, now faithful to her, on being promised freedom, shared the buffets and disasters attending defeat after defeat of the armies of the Tsar.

In one of their most highly venerated churches they had the embalmed heart of Chopin, their greatest musical son, and, being driven by defeat to flight along the Polish roads, they carried this treasured relic with them, an act of which only a people of poets and faithful artists could have been capable.

From the new tide of disaster a fresh drama has emerged, and this time the sequel is one of triumph. When the German invasion began some weeks ago the Polish Government had a reserve of 70 tons of gold, worth about 20 million pounds, stored in the State Bank at Warsaw, a rare prize for the Germans if they could secure it.

Hoping against hope, the Polish Government retained the gold in its Warsaw cellars while for a week the surge of war swirled onwards to the capital.

Then, at the word of command, the bullion was loaded on to lorries and carried, in spite of attacks by German bombers, to Rumania. At the frontier it was transferred to a special train, carried to Constanza, and there placed aboard a Turkish vessel which had been commissioned to await its arrival.

The Germans, having gained tidings of the existence of the golden store, peremptorily ordered the Rumanian Government not to permit it to be transferred out of the country. By that time, however, the bullion was safely stowed, it was out at sea, and was being carried by a devious course from the eastern towards the western Mediterranean. By circuitous sailing it reached Syria, and after a week of exciting adventures, extending over nearly 5000 miles, it was carried aboard a French vessel for the final dash for France, where it was safely convoyed to Paris, secure at last after a course of events thrilling enough for any film or novel.

For once, then, a Polish national drama has had a happy ending. In their rage the Germans declared to the world that the Allies were financing Turkey out of Poland's gold reserve.

But the world knows the truth: the gold is not intended for any immediate purpose. It is banked as a nest-egg from which, some happy day, a new Polish currency will spring for the needs of a new and triumphant Poland.

Five Nations Round a Little Table

IT may seem futile to write about the World's Fair of one continent to friends who are experiencing the horrors of a World's War in another continent, yet New York World's Fair is perhaps one of the most comforting sights at the present time, for it gives a striking proof that the brotherhood of mankind is as enduring as ever. So writes a C N correspondent in New York who visited the Fair shortly before it closed.

We were ten at our table at the British Restaurant of the Fair the other day (she writes). There were three Germans, grandmother, mother, and daughter, all highly distinguished and cultivated; there was a Japanese painter with his brother; there was a Swedish couple on their honeymoon, busy summing up what they had seen in the morning; there were two young women from Scotland—both professors, eager to learn more in order to teach more; and there was I, the French girl, all alone, longing to exchange ideas with my fellow travellers, with these citizens of the world.

"This is the greatest international exhibition I have ever seen," I began; "it is as if you were wending your way through the world of Tomorrow."

The two professors nodded, and one said, "Indeed, neither have we ever visited such an amazing exhibition before. To think that the grounds include 60 miles of paved roads and 65 buildings all furnishing new food for thought!"

"An interesting point is that this Fair has been built and is run by a non-profit corporation," said one of the German women. "It is operating under the legal status of an educational institution. The first two million dollars of net revenue will go to the city of New York for the building of a park; the next big sum will be returned to the city as a repayment for the cost of extending the Independent Subway System; and beyond this all revenues will be divided equally among the City and the State of New York for educational and charitable organisations. This is something for us Europeans to remember in regard to our future exhibitions."

"Indeed it is," put in the young husband. "It exemplifies one of the hundredfold achievements of Democracy. I am going to study more about Democracy when I go home. Democracy as a way of life, with all her freedom, opportunities, and accomplishments . . ."

The young man went on talking until someone else broke in, and when we parted we all agreed that our impromptu meeting round this little British table had been a most profitable one. Uplifted as we were, we were not forgetting the war, the pathetic struggle of our friends in Europe; but our eyes were looking on the future, on the world of Tomorrow, and for the benefit of that world we were listening to the message of the Fair, talking in the name of Democracy, and saying:

"Here are the ideas, materials, and forces with which you and your fellow-men can build the new world. You are the builders; yours is the choice."

Who Will Help the Hungry Birds?

THERE are many little sufferers from the war for whom we may spare a thought.

Canaries, budgerigars, and other pets of the home must tighten their belts or change their diet, for war has brought famine to the seed-bowl. The seed eaten by cage birds in our country comes, nearly every pound of it, from overseas.

The Government, foreseeing the danger of hostilities, laid in provision of corn, petrol, whale-oil, and other essentials, but the diet of our pets was not so safeguarded, and a serious shortage of bird-food has arisen.

In a big aviary where birds of many kinds are kept it is customary to put out food suitable to each species: canary seed, millet, hemp, rape, and sunflower seed, with soft and animal foods for others, fruit, vegetable substances, grit, cuttlefish-bone, and other things—the seeds and fruits and vegetable matter as diet, the tiny granite chips for the gizzards of the grass-eaters, the cuttlefish-bone for the health and conditioning of all.

In an assembly of birds requiring this assortment of food it is possible to discover strange changes in the diet of the little guests concerned. Soft-billed birds, incapable of cracking seeds with their beaks, will gratify curiosity by taking seed; birds capable of splitting hard sunflower seeds will luxuriate in the food set out for the soft-billed birds.

All seem to thrive and flourish on the change of fare, but that is a different matter from restricting a bird to unnatural diet. Denied their seed, the grain-eaters, with their little grinding-mill organisms left unemployed, would die of indigestion of one kind, while the soft-billed birds, kept to hard seed, would perish likewise.

We must hope that relief for the birds will soon be assured.

GALLAN

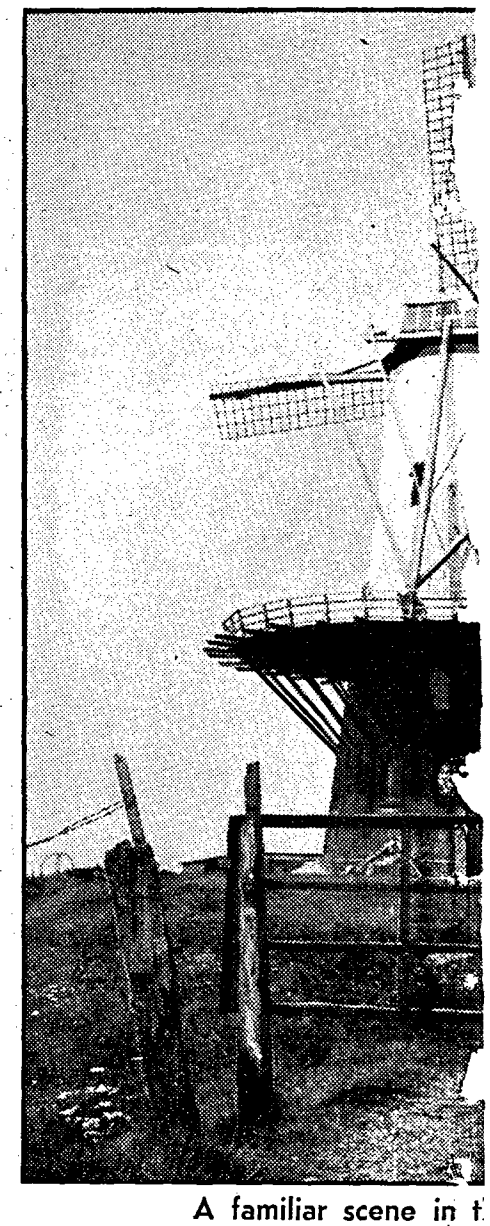
THE gallant little Dutch people have been filled with suspense in these last few weeks, wondering what Germany may do. Whatever happens, Holland will defend the liberty she has enjoyed and defended for centuries.

The earliest name for Holland was Batavia, Land of the Good Meadow, and its earliest tale is of a Batavian leader, Claudius Civilis, who learned his soldiering with the Romans, but later raised the country against them.

They were the most warlike of the Germanic tribes assaulting Rome, and Civilis had early successes till the Roman general Cerialis was sent against him. Civilis then saw doom approaching; but Cerialis had been his companion-in-arms, and offered a truce to discuss surrender. Civilis and Cerialis had a meeting on a bridge broken in the middle across an arm of the Rhine.

A Tale Without an End

They spoke together across the gap in a broken bridge of boats, but what they said to one another we shall never know, for Tacitus, the Roman historian who tells the story, says never a word about what followed. So the earliest tale of Holland is broken off like the bridge, and whether Civilis fought to the death like so many of his countrymen in after years or went back to Rome is a tale without an end.



A familiar scene in t

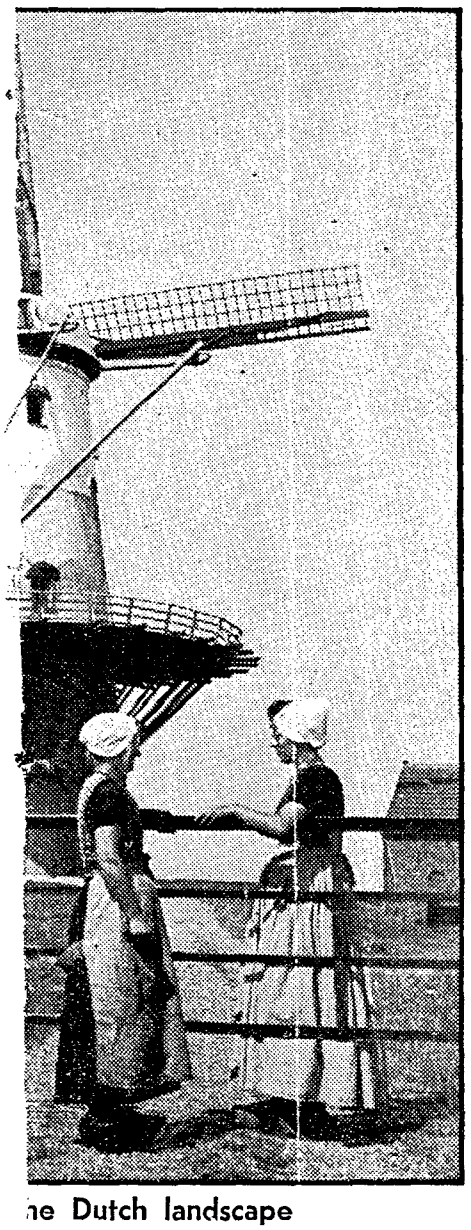
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T LITTLE HOLLAND

Holland, so called afterwards because the country was the Hollow Land, sunk in her marshes and forests between great rivers and the sea, remains buried in silence till Christianity reached her. Not till the days of Charlemagne were her people completely converted to the new faith, and Charlemagne, who had really hammered them into it, left them free men "who shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds."

Mightily have they fought for liberty. Never was the struggle more bitter than when William the Silent fought to deliver his people from the tyranny of Spain and the torture of the Inquisition. He was named the Silent because he had listened in silence, never betraying his feelings, to Philip the Second of Spain planning with Henry of France to "massacre all heretics."

Philip, who afterwards launched the Armada against England, learnt too late that William was the prime enemy of his designs. When the two met, and parted for the last time, Philip was about to step aboard his ship for Spain when he clutched William by the wrists, and, boiling with rage, shouted, You, you, *you!* It was a strange scene, but prophetic of the upshot of a desperate campaign which ended only with the life of William the Silent, assassinated in the hour of victory by a renegade monk. As William fell with a bullet through his heart he cried, O, God, have mercy upon my poor people!



...ne Dutch landscape

In this long-drawn-out struggle for freedom the sieges of Leyden and Haarlem stand out as monuments of heroic resistance against overwhelming odds. Before Leyden was relieved the Hollanders had cut their dykes to flood the land from the sea. The starving Leydeners, reduced to eating rats and dogs, once placed a dead body before the door of the inflexible Burgomaster Adrian van der Werf to move him to surrender; but he would not give way.

The Captain's Cheese

At Middelburg today are two turret clocks known as Long John and Fond Eliza, which sound the hours and the quarters on their carillons of bells, Fond Eliza following a minute after Long John. One plays the tune of a song in praise of Piet Hein:

Piet Hein, Piet Hein,
Your stature is small, but your heart is great.

Piet was one of the captains of the Beggars of the Sea. Beleaguered on land, the Dutchmen took to the sea and became famous for many exploits. In one of them the Beggars captured a fortress on the estuary of the Meuse, appearing before it so destitute of food that Captain Adam van Haren gave them a cheese, saying it was the only article to eat on his ship. Nevertheless, by sheer effrontery the sea rovers took the town, boldly demanding its surrender from its magistrates. They got it.

When Holland at last rose from under the Spanish heel other trials awaited her, and another William of Orange was born to sustain her, he who became William the Third of England, sailing from the Scheldt to Brixham with "a Protestant wind." His fight for Holland was with Louis the Fourteenth of France, and when the Dutch fortunes were at their lowest he it was who proudly told the English ambassador, after the dykes had again been cut, that he could always die in the last ditch, a phrase that has become historic.

He was always a Dutchman rather than an Englishman, but after he was gone the English, who did not like the Hanoverians, used to speak regretfully of "Old King Billy."

Holland's Immortal Painters

Holland grasped the Reformation with one hand and the Renaissance with the other, and from her tragic cities rose painters and lawgivers and men of science. At Haarlem was born Frank Hals, whose Laughing Cavalier is one of the treasures of our Wallace Collection; he painted laughter and merriment on the faces of his sitters as none painted it before or since. But he got rid of his money as fast as he earned it, and died a very old man in an almshouse. He made portraits of many of his fellow inmates, and as he disliked the Governors of the Hospital he made them the ugliest of all.

Holland gave to the world for all time the greater Rembrandt, who painted the portraits of the noble and wealthy, but delighted more to find his sitters among the Jews of Amsterdam; and when he turned his genius to vision of the Life of Our Lord, drew Christ's disciples as poor men, fishers of souls.



An old Dutch farmer and his friend

Dutch painting is second to none in the history of art; but in law and science we owe to Holland as great a debt. There was Hugo Grotius who framed international law, and in science a galaxy of discoverers more numerous for Holland's size than those of any other country; and persisting to our own day.

It was a spectacle-maker, Lipperhey of Middelburg, who was the father of modern astronomical discovery, because he constructed the first telescope, and with one of the Dutchman's telescopes Galileo saw the moons of Jupiter.

Another Dutchman, Leeuwenhoek, founded with another arrangement of these lenses the science of the microscope and of bacteriology. He had a modest official position as a doorkeeper at The Hague, and in his leisure hours he made a microscope. Looking through this, he was the first man to see bacteria and microscopic animals. He used to send accounts of his discovery to the newly-founded Royal Society of London, of which Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Isaac Newton were members.

The Dutch took to the sea as a duck takes to water, and became England's rivals, and sometimes her foes. In the days of that merry Stuart monarch who sold Dunkirk to the French, Admiral de Ruyter and Admiral van Tromp sailed up the Thames and burnt our ships at the mouth of the Medway. One of them fastened a broom at his masthead to signify that he would sweep the English from the seas, and an English admiral fixed a whip to the masthead of his flagship as a promise to whip the Dutchmen from the seas. The long streamer at the masthead of our battleships today is a reminder of that old promise.

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This New England

WHILE there is much to deplore today there is much for which to be thankful, and one of the happiest features of modern times is the fact that so many people are living in pleasant houses.

It is easy to criticise this statement. We may say that too many people are living in cheap shacks, that the jerry-builder is abroad and houses today are not built to last as in Georgian and Victorian times, and that many new homes are mere boxes lined with three-ply. All this may be true. There are hundreds of thousands of badly-built houses littering the countryside, but in spite of it we may say that more people are living in comfortable and healthy homes than ever before.

It is something of which we may boast. In all our centuries of history there have never been so many people in England living in their own houses, enjoying so much fresh air and sunshine, and having so many amenities.

A Steady Improvement

Contrast, for a moment, present housing conditions and those of former years. In 1891 there were 29,000,000 people living in 5,450,000 houses, an average of well over five to each house. In 1821 the population of England and Wales was about 12,000,000, and there were about 2,088,000 houses, so that the average number of people per house was nearly six. Even a year or two before the Great War there were more than five to every house, but in 1931 40,000,000 people shared 9,120,000 houses.

Since then building has gone on with amazing rapidity. Every city and town has seen colonies of red-roofed houses (though some in recent years have rainbow-coloured roofs) springing up; and since 1931 the State has helped to build no fewer than 385,000 houses at a cost of nearly £100,000,000, all for poor folk. Assuming that at least four people share a house, over 1,500,000 people must have moved out of old houses into new ones in eight or nine years, not counting all those who have moved into houses with which the State has had nothing to do.

Health in the Home

Figures like these are impressive. Much remains to be done, and much could no doubt have been better done; but the plain fact is that the Hitler War found more people living in reasonably good conditions than in any other period of our history.

What is more, housing today is much better. Houses are usually smaller. Attics and cellars are not so common. Long corridors, dangerous flights of steps, fireplaces which need blackleading, stone sinks which never look clean, sunless sculleries—all these are practically forgotten. Today even the houses of the poor have electric light, first-class sanitary arrangements, hot and cold water, baths, and numerous labour-saving and health-insuring devices. Most of them have gardens; and nearly all look out on scenes fairer than all but the rich could enjoy in Victorian days.

When Peace returns and building is revived let us be more vigilant than ever in seeing that the builder does his work well, and that housing schemes are for the good of all; but let us be thankful that Old England, with all its shameful houses in which life was dull and hard and unhealthy, has been changed for this New England with sunny homes, pleasant gardens, and healthier folk.

The Two Best Buyers in the Country

THE best customer of British industry is undoubtedly the British Government, whose normal expenditure accounts for about a fourth of the entire spending of the nation.

The second best is the British Railway System, which in the past eleven years has spent £260,000,000 on new works and improvements.

The annual spending by the railways is enormous; £104,000,000 goes in salaries and wages and £40,000,000 on materials and supplies. More than £20,600,000 is spent on maintaining the British permanent way, signals, buildings and similar fixed things, and much more on rolling stock.

Thousands of British miners are needed to mine the 15,000,000 tons of coal burned by about 20,000 locomotives and works, and over 20,000,000 bricks are purchased annually, with 257,000 tons of rails.

Nearly 1450 miles of track are renewed every year, for which more than 4,000,000 sleepers and 1,700,000 cubic yards of ballast are needed. In the last eleven years a grand total of 14,000 miles of railway track have been completely renewed.

The Fish That Lives in the Mud

WHEN people visit New Zealand's Centennial Exhibition at Wellington next year they will have many interesting things to see, but probably nothing so strange as the specimens of mudfish.

The mudfish belongs to a tribe of somewhat primitive fishes living in fresh water, and found only in the southern hemisphere. In appearance it is like a small eel, and is muddy brown in colour.

Its home is in swampy pools. When the pools dry up in summer the mudfish hibernates deep down in the mud, returning to the surface with the approach of more congenial conditions. Some have been found six feet deep in clay, probably having followed a channel left by a decayed stem or root.

Two mudfish found not long ago in a swamp drain were six inches long and an inch and a half wide. Formerly the mudfish was found all over New Zealand, but it is becoming rare as the drainage of swamps to make farm land destroys its natural surroundings.

From time to time workmen shovelling out the mud in the bottom of dry ditches come across these quaint fishes, remarkable for their ability to exist for long periods out of water.

TALES OF LAST TIME

THESE THREE

THIS is the story of how Jean Berger's name was written in letters that will not fade away.

When the war broke out Jean joined the 2nd Regiment of Infantry. He went through the Battle of the Marne and formed one of the stupendous line drawn up to face the Germans. It was during one of the ensuing fights on the River Aisne that the colonel leading the gallant 2nd was shot down. Machine-guns were raking the trenches; showers of bullets were falling everywhere; but Jean rushed out to carry his colonel to safety.

Carrying On Under Fire

He passed an officer of the Grenadier Guards wounded in the leg, who called for water. "*All right!*" *cried* Jean; "I'll be back in a minute or two." He put the colonel in the shelter of a trench, and again went out.

Reaching the English officer, Jean held up a flask to his lips, but before he could drink a bullet struck the young Frenchman in the hand, carrying away three fingers, and the flask fell to the ground. As though the flask had merely slipped out of one hand by accident, Jean picked it up with the other, and the English officer drank. While he was doing so, a bullet drilled Jean through the side, yet he managed to take off his knapsack and discover some food.

As the Guardsman was eating, he and Jean discovered that near them was a wounded German soldier, crying out for food and drink, and together they succoured the dying German.

Then human nature could stand no more, and all three fell, exhausted, in a heap. All through the long night, a night continuously broken by the roar of cannon, death watched over that strange sleeping-place of the three comrades of the warring nations.

In the morning shells aroused the English officer and the French soldier. Their German neighbour was dead, and for a long time they could only wonder how the battle was going. When the forenoon was well advanced they saw Germans coming, and Jean, who could speak German, shouted, "We are thirsty." He was heard by an officer of Uhlans, who rode up and, covering them with his revolver, looked at the little group. He saw his countryman lying dead with an empty flask beside him, and guessed the scene of comradeship and bravery which that spot had witnessed. He gave instructions, and drink was brought.

The End of the Story

Just then the cannonade burst forth again, and the German force retired. The young Frenchman, stiff, feverish, and weak, saw that it was necessary to take the officer to a place where he would receive attention. The journey was two miles long, but at last it was over, and the two men had both just enough strength left to say Goodbye.

"If I live through this, I shall do my best to get you the Victoria Cross," said the officer, but all that Jean had strength to say was, "God bless you, mon camarade," and that is the end of the story as far as we know it.

Making Bad Boys Into Policemen

EVERY big city in America has its slum district, where it is sad to say that the youngsters and the police force are at daggers drawn.

In Boston, however, the policeman's life is a happy one, for every boy in his teens who lives in the poor Back Bay district has but one ambition—to become a member of the Boston Junior Police Corps. This splendid movement has just had its first birthday. It was founded by Police Commissioner Joseph Timilty, and it is helping to solve one of the greatest problems of civilisation, the juvenile crime question.

It is winning the confidence and co-operation of youth, teaching them to be law-abiding, to help the police rather than to hinder them, and to turn their energy into constructive channels instead of destructive ones.

To become a member of the Junior Corps a boy has to promise to obey its rules. Then a new world opens for him. Perhaps for the first time in his life he meets people who are genuinely interested in his welfare. Most of the boys have been found to be musical, and so for them a band has been organised and a choral group as well. Other hobbies that are encouraged are nature study and wireless. The boys also learn how to take fingerprints, detect clues, and trail criminals.

All boys love animals, and so in an old stable of the Back Bay station a little zoo has been started. To it homeless cats and dogs and a goat have found their way. The other day a donkey was found wandering in the city and brought to the stable. Another time a half-starved monkey was found down by the docks, and now Bozo, as he has been christened, is the terror and delight of the little menagerie.

There are now 3500 active members of the Junior Police, a reserve membership of 8000, and a waiting list of 10,000

LITTLE BAREFOOT

AS a crowd of pedestrians surged across a busy square in Sydney the other evening a little barefooted waif strayed in the path of an oncoming tram.

All was hustle and bustle, and only one distant onlooker noticed the child's danger and held his breath in fear. Then he saw a police-constable stride forward and snatch the child from the very nose of the tram! He carried her to the pavement, scolded her gently, gave her some coppers, and went back to traffic duty.

He had acted so quickly and naturally that most of the hurrying crowd missed the significance of his heroic act, and even the sergeant on duty near by had not seen what was happening. But there is always a recorder of brave deeds on hand, and the story of the policeman's heroism was sent to us by a C N reader who saw the incident.

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Drifters & Trawlers of the Fishermen

DRIFTERS and trawlers are defenders of the realm. They scour the seas around our isle in wartime; in peace and war they feed us!

What the men who man them did in the last war is written in the tale of the lives they gave to their country. It is graven beneath stone crosses from Stornoway and Lerwick to Grimsby and Lowestoft. It should be cut deeper in our hearts.

Now their task has begun again, for they are the eyes and scouts of the Fleet, roving from the Atlantic to the Irish Sea and the North Sea. They sweep the sea of the enemy's floating mines, risking their lives in this perilous task; they set a limit to the enemy's minefields; night and day they are the stormy petrels which hover about the enemy's movements on and below the waves.

An Unending Task

This is their appointed task, their chosen duty, when war encircles us. Important and valorous as it is, it takes second place to their task (which war hardly interrupts) of keeping us supplied with fish.

The task of the fishermen has no close season. They pursue it unendingly and unflinchingly; and in peace as well as in war it takes a toll of their lives.

Let us look at the work of the drifters, the chief herring fishers.

Their daily round, their common task, is to gather this harvest from the shallower seas. They set out from Brixham or St Ives or Stornoway in the Hebrides.

Their chief quarry is the herring. They set out when warning is brought of a herring shoal with as many as 70 drifters to surround it. Their drift nets are lowered beneath the surface to form a perpendicular barrier a few feet below, and stretching two to three miles.

The nets, each 55 yards long and six feet deep, are shot by the men, four men to a net, on the drifter, which then drifts with the tide. The shoals begin to move after sunset or before dawn. After the long fleet of nets has remained down three or four hours the nets are taken in, the catch brought in, and examined for samples to be sent to the auction mart.



The Herring Fleet Returns—a busy scene at an East Coast port

In the Curing Yards

There it is sold at astonishing speed, and prepared for market at a rate no less astonishing by the fisher lassies in the curing yards. The curing yards take the first step in converting the herrings into kippers. The fisher girls work in threes, one cleaning the fish, the other two carrying the tubs with layers of salt into which the herrings are thrown by the cleaner, who deals with them as fast as if she were shelling peas. A hundredweight of salt goes to each 1000 herrings, packed tight into barrels.

The trawlers bringing in the herring and other fish work on a bigger scale. A big trawler is 125 to 130 feet long, or if it works up to Iceland is still bigger, and has a fishing radius of 2000 miles, probably costing the owner £25,000. These are the boats that drive through the North Sea, summer or winter, on clear nights, and in icy gales when the spray freezes on deck and deck hand and makes the wire ropes instruments of torture.

The trawls let down are something like two sides of a huge wooden box, each weighing about half a ton, the longer, upright side nine feet long, the other five feet. They are clamped together with iron brackets, and two sets of these wooden scoops, or doors, are let down at a time by wire ropes with chains at the end. The net is behind them; and when the trawls touch bottom the ropes fastened to the top and bottom of each door cause them to open out the net till it is 60 feet wide.

The net the steam trawler then drags along is like a flattened cone 120 feet to 140 feet long. When the trawler has steamed long enough wire hawsers, wound by steam, raise the trawl from the depths, and the net comes up from a quarter of a mile below to spill its fish over the gunwale on the deck.

Four deck hands are there to deal with it, and it is heart-breaking work on a cold and dirty night. The fore deck is divided into four parts, each allotted to different kinds of fish, such as haddock or sole, turbot or cod.

When gathered in the fish must at once be made ready for packing in ice, and there is no respite, and there can be no slacking. Every man must be ready to turn out and jump to a job that may take 36 hours on end. Dr Halliday Sutherland, who describes the scene in his Hebridean Journey, calls this job, with its unearthly hours, its incessant toil, and appalling sea conditions, the toughest in the world.

A North Sea trawler may be three weeks out from Grimsby or Lowestoft, and there or elsewhere the deck hand will have to call himself well paid at £4 10s a week. The skipper or the mate is paid on a different plan, and may make much or nothing—"a gold watch or a wooden peg"—to quote the Cornish saying.

Such is the calling and such the men that bring us food—and when the call comes man our narrow seas against the enemy. Rough fellows, some of them, but strong men all. Let us think of them when we pray for those in peril on the sea, as Bishop Heber prayed in his hymn—

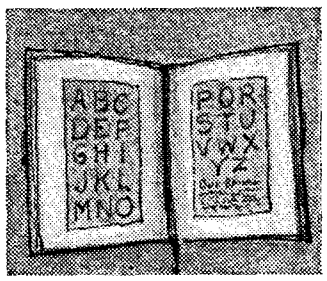
When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish.

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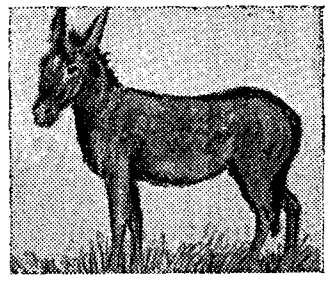
C N WORD STRIP ❀ ❀ ❀ WHAT DID SHAKESPEARE MEAN?



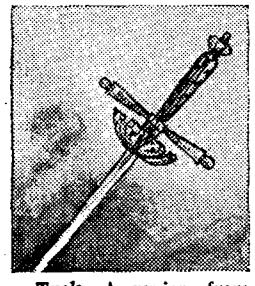
Skillet. A small pot or kettle.
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm.
Othello, 1, 3



Absey Book. An A B C book which in his time included a catechism.
And then comes the answer like an absey book.
King John, 1, 1



Assinego. A young ass, hence a dull, stupid fellow.
An assinego may tutor thee.
Troilus and Cressida, 2, 1



Tuck. A rapier, from the Italian name for truncheon.
Dismount thy tuck be yare in thy preparation.
Twelfth Night, 3, 4



Flote. The sea or flood.
They have all met again and are upon the Mediterranean flote.
Tempest, 1, 2.



Crants. A garland worn round the head.
Here she is allowed her virgin crants.
Hamlet, 5, 1

In the Country Now—The Fox Disturbs the Badger's Winter Sleep

THE fox which was a fluffy little cub a short time ago is now a very cunning animal, and spends his time either in hunting or in being hunted.

The rabbits always have cause to know of his presence because when he visits their haunts he usually carries off one or two of them, and the farmer has to be very careful at this time of year to lock up his fowls, for Reynard will take toll of any carelessness.

The badger, too, is frequently seen at the present season, although if he had his own way he would sleep soundly through the winter, out of sight of man. But as he often inhabits the same earth as the fox, his slumbers are upset when the huntsmen are about.

Among the birds the little teal, like a miniature wild duck, is arriving from the north in considerable numbers. Some nest here, where they can find suitable localities, but the majority come for the late autumn and winter. The fieldfare is another winter visitor now arriving. It is very like a missel thrush in size and flight. In colour it is grey with a buff breast and black tail. Its relation the redwing is also coming south, and this is somewhat like a big robin redbreast.



The Water Scorpion

Both birds belong to the thrush family, and the redwing is the only thrush found in Iceland. Numbers of grey wagtails also come to us from the northern mountains, where they nest, and you may generally see them in the neighbourhood of lakes, brooks, and rivers. The resident birds, those that rest here and remain all through the winter, are beginning to draw nearer to our homes, driven there often in search of food. One of these is the magpie, which is a far more familiar object now than he was earlier, for, the trees being bare, he can be seen where formerly the leaves concealed his movements.

He is fond of rats, but likes a change of diet to fish sometimes, when he can find such food left on the banks of a stream after an autumn flood.

The titmice also are becoming more friendly, and a little later we shall be able to draw them closer by providing a bird-table outside the door or window.

Stream and pond teem with life as much as in spring and summer, for the water undergoes only a comparatively slight change of temperature. One of the most interesting creatures to be seen in the stream is the water scorpion, a flat, leaf-like insect that has curious jaw-like feelers, and a tail that looks like a sting but is really a tube for taking in air.

The water scorpion is very slow in its movements, quite unlike the dashing water boatman. It creeps about among the water plants, but, despite its slowness, it is quite skilful in catching its prey. Its resemblance to a leaf is very useful, for if the unwary larva of a mayfly or whirligig beetle comes near the place where the water scorpion is in ambush, it will suddenly dart out its forelegs, clutch the creature, and then extract the juices, as the spider takes those of the fly. It is the terror of pond and stream.

We must look out for a November nosegay which may include the sea holly, thrift, scentless mayweed, pink clover, milfoil, white dead-nettle, scarlet poppy, scabious, and yellow toad flax. All should be found in sheltered spots.

Peter Simple's Question Box

Why is Bread Called the Staff of Life?

This is a very old name for bread, and, unlike many old names, it is a very good one. Spirits used long ago to be called the water of life, or, in Latin, *aqua vitae*, but everyone knows now, or should know, that if they are to have any name of the kind it should be *aqua mortis*, water of death.

The belief that bread is a very good food, which is what men mean when they call it the staff of life, is very old indeed. It must doubtless date back to the remote ages when men first grew corn for the purpose of making bread, and the famine of corn in Egypt in the time of Joseph will give us some idea of the high honour in which corn was held a very long time ago.

Why is London Called London?

We cannot be sure. London's beginnings take us back to the time when the inhabitants of Britain were savages. In those days the River Thames was much wider than it is now.

The river made a lagoon, up which the tide came from the sea. According to generally accepted authority the rude barbarians built a fort which they called "the fort on the lagoon," using the Celtic word Llyndin to express that meaning. The Romans, when they came to Britain, adopted the word, which they changed a little so as to fit in with the Latin words they used. In this way the name of the city became Londinium, which changes in language have modified into London.

How Long Does a Microbe Live?

The answer to this is one of the most extraordinary facts in the world. A microbe, like anything else, may be killed because it is poisoned, or crushed, or made too hot, or because the water is taken out of it, or because it cannot get enough food. But when we ask this question we mean: How long do microbes live naturally? The answer is that *microbes do not die*. The natural end of the life of a microbe, and of other living creatures which consist, like the microbe, of only one cell, is not to die, but to divide into two pieces, each of which grows and becomes a new microbe. That is the very simple way in which the race of microbes goes on, and we cannot say that death happens at all.

Why Does a Fiddler Resin His Bow?

It is pretty generally known that a fiddler rubs a piece of resin up and down the strings of his bow from time to time. This is to make the bow-string do its work. If the bow-string were left untouched it would simply slide smoothly up and down on the fiddle strings, and little or no sound would be produced. The music of a violin is caused by the vibrations of the strings as they are played on by the bow, and these vibrations can only be produced in perfection when the bow has been sufficiently roughened by the adhering resin to grip the strings of the violin. The bow is made of horsehair, the strings of catgut.

Why Does a Stream Run Faster in the Middle?

Not only does the stream flow much faster in the middle than at the sides, but it flows much faster on the surface than at the bottom. This is due to friction with the soil or stones on the sides and the bottom of the stream; and this friction not only delays the water but wears away the sides and bottom. A famous geologist found that water flowing at the rate of three inches a second would tear up fine clay; six inches a second would dislodge fine sand; twelve inches a second would move fine gravel; and three feet a second would carry off stones the size of a hen's egg.

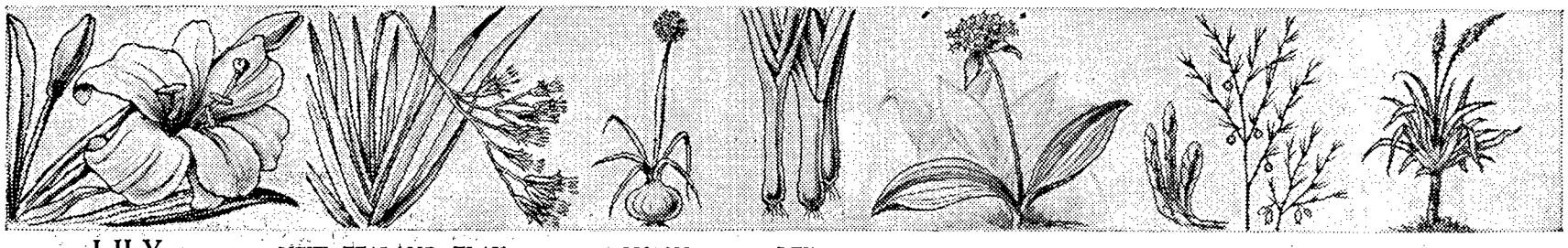
Why Do We Speak of the Funny Bone?

The knob or enlarged end of the bone at the elbow is known by doctors as the humerus, and from that name it commonly became known as the humorous or funny bone. The feeling which occurs when we knock our funny bone is due to a nerve which is not well protected.

How Does Ivy Cling to a Wall?

At first ivy is a plant with a brittle stem and leaves of three or five lobes. As it grows the stem becomes less brittle, and if it finds nothing to cling to it creeps along the ground, sending down tufts of fibrous roots. These roots, however, appear only when they can be actually used to the advantage of the plant. If the ivy climbs a wall its stem throws out a number of tufted fibres, by the aid of which the plant can cling. These claspers are really modified roots, and do not penetrate the wall, but merely cling to the irregularities of the surface. They are produced from all the parts of the stem nearest to the wall; but if the ivy is creeping along the ground the claspers are not produced at all, because they are not wanted. The tufts of fibrous roots which the plant throws out into the ground are produced only from those parts of the stem that are opposite the leaves.

C N NATURE STRIP ❀ ❀ ❀ THE LILY AND ITS RELATIONS



LILY NEW ZEALAND FLAX ONION LEEK GARLIC ASPARAGUS ALOE

Men of science have arranged plants in families, linking those constructed on the same principle. But, as we see here, members of a family are often very different.

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Uranus at His Nearest

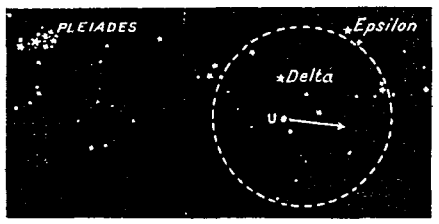
THE SEA-GREEN PLANET

By the CN Astronomer

Uranus is now at his nearest to us, and therefore at his brightest, so the ensuing weeks, when the Moon is out of the way, will provide the best opportunities for getting a glimpse of this weird world of many mysteries.

At present Uranus is about 1730 million miles away and appears slightly above sixth magnitude, so on a dark and clear night he is just perceptible to the naked eye. Glasses are, however, most desirable to see Uranus clearly and to follow his movement, which for the next two months will be to the right, after which Uranus will reverse and travel to the left.

That famous cluster of stars, the Pleiades, appears only a little way to the left of Uranus, and will be found



The present position of Uranus (marked U) in relation to the Pleiades. The arrow shows the direction and extent of his motion during the next two months

high in the eastern sky between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, while later on they will be more to the south-east and higher in the sky when Uranus will be more easily seen. The star-map shows his present position relative to the Pleiades, while Delta and Epsilon in Aries, being easily seen with the naked eye, will help to locate Uranus; the broken circle gives the area within the field-of-view of most field glasses.

Uranus may be distinguished by a greenish tint from the few faint stars in his vicinity; moreover the motion of Uranus, amounting apparently to the Moon's width in the course of about ten days, will identify him.

This remote world appears in a telescope to be only about one-fifth as wide as the globe of Saturn, which was pictured in the C N of October 21, though actually Uranus is 30,900 miles in diameter as compared with the 75,000 miles of Saturn's equatorial diameter. So Uranus has a surface rather more than 16 times that of the Earth and one wonders if this surface is a vast waste of ice, for Uranus is, on the whole, a very light world as regards weight.

Four Satellites

The curious sea-green tint of Uranus may be due to some strange combination of elements or to the presence of some peculiar gas in the clouds of his upper atmosphere, with very warm conditions prevailing far down beneath the cloud surface. Frozen nitrogen, we may recall, exists as a great envelope many miles above even the tropical regions of the Earth which is much nearer the Sun, and receives about 400 times as much light and heat from it as does Uranus.

We should doubtless be able to solve many of the present mysteries of Uranus were we on one of the four moons of Uranus—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, or Oberon, whence the spectacle of this great cloud-belted world would be superb as it whirls round on its axis in only 10 hours and 49 minutes.

These satellites are of great interest because they revolve up and down instead of from side to side relative to the orbit of Uranus and the other planets of the Solar System, their orbits being at an angle of about 98 degrees to that of Uranus. As the angle at which Uranus rotates is similar to that of the satellites' rotation it would appear that in some remote age Uranus turned over on his axis.

G. F. M.

THE KING'S CENSORS

The Proctor and the Purser

Cambridge University has begun its new term with Mr W. K. C. Guthrie, a Fellow of Peterhouse, as Public Orator, for Dr T. R. Glover, a brilliant linguist and a man of great character, has retired from the post after nearly twenty years of distinguished service.

The Navy, always rich in humorists and men of forceful personality, had a specially rich example in the Great War days, a purser, whom it would do Dr Glover's heart good to meet. For they could exchange notes about our present King. Both have censured him, either directly or by forthright suggestion.

When the King was an undergraduate at Cambridge he was seen after a Union debate, which he had been attending, walking in the street in academical dress smoking a cigarette! In the time-honoured formula of his order a 'Varsity "bulldog" approached him and, after a respectful salutation, said, "The Proctor would like to speak to you, sir."

A Costly Cigarette

The Proctor (who was our Dr Glover) did speak to him, and what he said was that the young prince must pay the equivalent of a lawyer's fee, 6s 8d.

To this day the King maintains that that was the costliest cigarette he ever smoked.

The purser we commend to the notice of the retired Public Orator was the worthy autocrat of a fascinating department of one of the "beef ships" sent up with supplies, gifts, and luxuries for sale to the wartime Grand Fleet, with which the young prince, known as plain Mr Johnson to his comrades, was serving and fighting as a midshipman.

The purser knew these merry-hearted lads and the tricks they would play with his sweets and confectionery if he turned his back for a moment, so, like the astute practitioner he was, he said to them, "Now, you just keep your hands in your pockets and don't stop whistling till you get out of the store."

Little did he guess that among the group, convulsed with delighted laughter, was the gallant youth who, twenty years later, was to become the beloved King of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Competition Result

In CN Competition Number 91 the two best correct entries were sent in by Jean Kennedy, 30 Hawkshead Street, Southport; and Ian Robertson, 8 Longfield Drive, Urmston, Manchester.

A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 15 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Kathleen Blackett, Chester-le-Street; Annie Child, Cardiff; M. Cornwallis, Wickham; Jean Critchlow, Cheltenham; Audrey Dixon, Much Hadham; Jane Elsden, Great Bookham; Aileen Gray, Stoneywood; Denis Hanford, Banbury; Ann Kendrew, Kirby Moorside; Elizabeth Rubery, Wolverhampton; Duncan J. Russell, Dover; Jack Swain, Rochdale; Margaret Tribe, Stoke-on-Trent; Diana Wallis, Guernsey; Dorothy Ward, Accrington.

The correct answers were:

Windsor. Balmoral. Conway. Edinburgh. Carnarvon. Stirling. Skipton. Dover.

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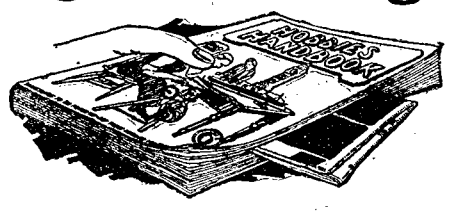


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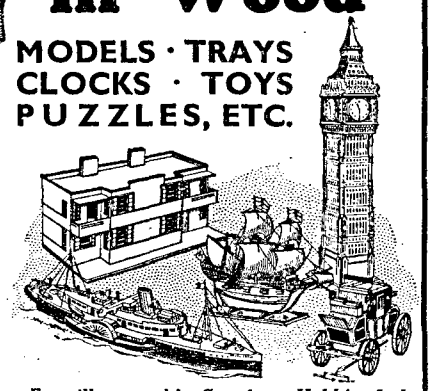
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DON QUIXOTE TOLD IN AN HOUR

A Short Version of the Famous Novel by Cervantes, in Two Instalments

SECOND PART

THE next adventure of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza was begun by a cloud of dust on the horizon, which instantly made the Don exclaim that a great battle was in progress. A nearer view revealed that the dust rose from a huge flock of sheep; but the knight's blood was up, and he rode forward as fast as poor Rozinante could carry him, and did frightful slaughter among the sheep, till the stones of the shepherd brought him to earth. "Lord save us!" cried Sancho, as he assisted the Don to his feet. "Your worship has left on his lower side only two teeth, and on the upper not one."

Later, they came upon a company of priests, with lighted tapers carrying a corpse through the night. Don Quixote charged them, brought one of the company to the ground, and scattered the rest. Sancho Panza filled his wallet with the rich provisions of the priests, boasting to the wounded man that his master was the redoubtable Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. When the adventure was over, Don Quixote questioned his squire on this name, and Sancho replied, "I have been staring upon you by the light of that unlucky priest's torch, and may I never stir if ever I set eyes on a more dismal countenance in all my days."

The next enterprise was with a barber, who carried his new brass basin on his head. Don Quixote bore down upon the barber, put him to flight, and possessed himself of the basin, which he wore as a helmet. More serious was the following adventure, when Don Quixote released from the king's officers a gang of galley slaves, because they assured him that they travelled chained much against their will. So gallantly did the knight behave that he conquered the officers and left them all but dead. Nevertheless, coming to an argument with the released convicts, whom he would have sent to his lady Dulcinea, he himself and Sancho too were as mauled by the convicts as those self-same officers.

It now came to Don Quixote that he must perform a penance in the mountains, and sending Sancho with a letter to Dulcinea, he divested himself of much of his armour and underwear, and performed the maddest gambols and self-tortures ever witnessed under a blue sky.

However, it chanced that Sancho Panza soon fell in with the curate and the barber of Don Quixote's village, and these good friends, by a cunning subterfuge in which a beautiful young lady played a part, got Don Quixote safely home and into his own bed. The lady, affecting great distress, made Don Quixote vow to enter upon no adventure until he had righted a wrong done against herself; and one night as they journeyed on this mission a great cage was made and placed over Don Quixote as he slept, and thus the valiant knight was borne back a prisoner to his home.

Sancho Governs His Island

NOTHING short of a prison cell could keep Don Quixote from his sallies, and soon he was on the road again, accompanied by his faithful squire. To Sancho, who believed his master mad, and whose chief aim in life was eating, these adventures of the Don had but one end, the governorship of the promised island. While he thought the knight mad, he believed in him; and while he was selfish, he loved his master, as the tale tells.

It chanced that one day they came upon a merry duke and duchess who had heard of their adventures, and who instantly set themselves to enjoy so rare a sport as that offered by the entertainment of the knight and his squire. The Don was invited to the duke's castle as a mighty hero, and there treated with all possible honour; but some tricks were played upon him which were certainly unworthy of the duke's courtesy. Nevertheless, this visit had the happiest end, since it was from the hands of the duke that Sancho at last received his governorship. Making pretence that a certain town on his estate, named Barataria, was an island, the duke dispatched Sancho to govern it; and after an affecting farewell with his master, who gave him the wisest possible advice on the subject of statecraft, Sancho set out in a glittering cavalcade to take up his governorship.

After a magnificent entry into the city, Sancho Panza was called upon to give judgment in certain disputes, and this he did with such wit and such wholesome commonsense that he delighted all who heard him. Well pleased with himself, he sat down in a grand hall to a solitary banquet, with a physician standing by his side. No sooner had Sancho tasted a dish than the physician touched it with a wand, and a page bore it swiftly away. At first Sancho was confounded by this interference with his appetite, but presently he grew bold and expostulated; whereupon the physician said that his mission was the governor's health, and to see that he ate nothing which was prejudicial to his physical well-being, since the happiness of the state depended upon the health of its governor. Sancho bore it for some time, but at length, starting up, he told the physician, "By the sun's light, I'll get me a good cudgel, and beginning with your carcase, will so belabour all the physic-mongers in the island, that I will not leave one of the tribe. Let me eat, or let them take their government again; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two beans."

At that moment there came a messenger from the duke, who pulled a packet from his bosom and presented it to the governor. This message from the duke was to warn Sancho that a furious enemy intended to attack his island, and that he must be on his guard. "I have also the intelligence," wrote the duke, "from faithful spies, that there are four men got into the town in disguise to murder you, your abilities being regarded as a great obstacle to the enemy's design. Take heed how you admit strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing that is laid before you."

Sancho set out to inspect his defences; but with every step he took he was confronted by some problem of government on which he was called upon to adjudicate. Harassed by these appeals and half famished, our governor began to think that governorship was the sorriest trade on earth, and before a week was over he addressed to Don Quixote a letter, concluding, "Heaven preserve you from ill-minded enchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this government." One night he was awakened by the clanging of a great bell, and in came servants crying that the enemy was approaching. Sancho asked for food, and declared that he knew nothing of arms. They rebuked him, and bringing him shields and a lance, proceeded to tie him up so tightly with shields behind and shields before that he could scarcely move. Then they bade him march, and lead on the army. "March!" quoth he. "These bonds stick so close that I cannot so much as bend my knees!" "For shame!" they answered. "It is fear and not armour that stiffens your legs." Thus rebuked, Sancho endeavoured to move, but fell flat on the earth like a great tortoise; while in the darkness the others made a clash with their swords and shields, and trampled upon the prone governor, who quite gave himself up for dead. But at break of day they raised a cry of "Victory!" and, lifting Sancho up, told him that their enemies were driven off.

To this he said nothing save to ask for his old clothes. And when he was dressed he went down to Dapple's stall, and embraced his faithful ass with tears in his eyes. "Come hither, my friend and true companion," quoth he; "happy were my days, my months, and years, when with thee I journeyed. And all my concern was to mend thy harness and find food for thee! But now that I have climbed to the towers of ambition, a thousand woes, a thousand torments, and four thousand tribulations have haunted my soul!" While he spoke he mounted his ass, bade farewell to the people, and departed in peace and great humility.

The Death of Don Quixote

MEANWHILE, Don Quixote had been fooled in the duke's castle, and had endured tribulations sufficient to deject the finest fortitude. He was now in the mood to forsake that great castle, and to embrace once more the life of the open road, and so with Sancho Panza he started out to take up the threads of his old life. After adventures so miraculous as to seem incredible, Don Quixote was laid low in an encounter with a friend of his disguised as a knight, and by this defeat was so broken and humiliated that he thought to turn shepherd and to spend the remainder of his days in a pastoral life. Sancho cheered him, and kept his heart as high as it would reach in his misery, and together they turned their faces towards home, leaving the future to the disposition of Providence.

As they entered the village, two boys fighting in a field attracted the knight's attention, and he heard one of them cry, "Never fret yourself, you shall never see her while you have breath in your body!" The knight immediately applied these words to himself and Dulcinea, and nothing that Sancho could say had power to cheer his spirits. Moreover, the boys of the village, having seen them, raised a shout, and came laughing about them, saying, "Here is Gaffer Sancho Panza's donkey as fine as a lady, and Don Quixote's beast thinner than ever!" The barber and the curate then came upon the scene and saw their old friend, and went with him to his house.

Here Don Quixote faithfully described his discomfiture, and declared his intention honourably to observe the conditions laid upon him of being confined to his village for a year.

Melancholy increased with the poor knight, and he was seized with a violent illness. The physician and his friends thought that his sickness arose from regret for his defeat and disappointment; they did all they could do to divert him, but in vain. One day he desired them to leave him, and for six hours he slept so profoundly that his niece thought he was dead. At the end of this time he wakened, and cried with a loud voice, "Blessed be Almighty God for this great benefit He has vouchsafed to me! His mercies are infinite; greater are they than the sins of men."

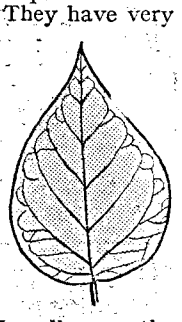
These rational words surprised his niece, and she asked what he meant by them. He answered that by God's mercy his judgment had returned, free and clear. "The cloud of ignorance," said he, "is now removed, which continuous reading of those books of knight-errantry had laid upon me." He said that his great grief now was the lateness with which enlightenment had come, leaving him so little time to prepare his soul for death.

The others coming in, Don Quixote made his confession, and one went to fetch Sancho Panza. With tears in his eyes the squire sought his poor master's side, and when in the first clause of his will Don Quixote made mention of Sancho, saying afterwards, "Pardon me, my friend, that I brought upon you the shame of my madness," Sancho cried out, "Woe's me, your worship, do not die; take my counsel, and live many a good year. For it is the maddest trick a man can play in his whole life to go out like the snuff of a candle, and die merely of the mulligrubs!"

The others admonished him in like spirit, but Don Quixote answered and said, "Gently, sirs! do not look in last year's nests for the birds of this year. I was mad, but now I have my reason. I was Don Quixote of La Mancha; but today I am Alonso Quixano the Good. I hope that my repentance and my sincerity will restore me to the esteem that once you had for me. And now let Master Notary proceed." So he finished writing his will, and then fell into a fit, and lay full length in his bed. But he lingered some days, and when he died, it was amidst the tears and lamentations of his family, and after he had received the last sacrament, and had expressed, in pathetic way, his horror at the books of chivalry.

The Leaf of the Catalpa

Londoners and visitors to the capital may have noticed those unusual-looking trees in the entrance square of the Houses of Parliament. They have very large, rather heart-shaped leaves; and they seem to have just the sort of discreet dignity for their position. The trees do not grow too large, but their leaves keep impressively fresh and green, and it is rather remarkable that we do not see many more of these cheerful trees. They are found here and there in parks all over the country, and in old gardens. Catalpas flower in July and August, just when welcome, with spikes of flowers something between foxgloves and campanulas. Their home is in the southern states of America.



25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of November 1914

The Kaiser's Man. Two British soldiers lay wounded beside a dying German. They were hot and tired and in pain, and one called for a drink.

The dying German understood. "Here," he said, pointing to his side. Thinking he wanted lifting up, they raised him from the ground, and found that he was lying on his water-bottle. One held it to his lips.

It was almost his last hour in the world. He was dying for the Kaiser, but there was something of Sir Philip Sidney in this dying man. "No, not me—I die; you drink," he murmured as they held the water to his lips.

He died, and one of the Englishmen died too, but the other dug a grave and laid his enemy in it. "We buried him properly," he said, "with a kind of headstone, and I got a stick, and I found a piece of paper, and I wanted to write something on it, and so I wrote A 1."

He was one of the Kaiser's men, and he might have been alive today if the Kaiser had been fit to be his Emperor—or to tie the latchet of his shoe.

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A SKILFUL GAME for 2 PLAYERS

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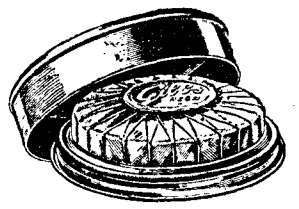
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THE BRAN TUB



Here are 27 birds from many parts of the world. How many of them do you know? The list will be given next week

No Time

"WHAT a state you are in, my boy! Where have you been?" asked Johnny's mother.

"I fell in the mud, mummy!" answered the child.

"In the mud—with your new coat on?" scolded the mother.

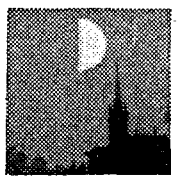
"I had no time to take it off, mummy, had I?"

What Happened on Your Birthday

Nov. 19. Tennyson made Poet Laureate . . **1850**
20. Chatterton born . . **1752**
21. Henry Purcell died . **1695**
22. Sir Arthur Sullivan died **1900**
23. Richard Hakluyt died . **1616**
24. John Knox died . **1572**
25. Stanislaus, last king of Poland, gave up his crown **1795**

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is low in the south-west, Mars is in the south-west, Jupiter in the south, and Saturn and Uranus south-east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 6 on Sunday evening, November 19.



Word Puzzle

A BUXOM farmer's wife would be
Quite suitably described by me.
Without my head a small mass find.
Curtailed, a fruit is left behind.

Answer next week

Obeying Instructions



MY mother says "Sue!
Keep your tail out of tangle;
And whatever you do
Keep it out of the mangle!"

Ici on Parle Français

This is from the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew, chapter seven.

1. Ne jugez point, afin que vous ne soyez point jugés.
2. Car on vous jugera du jugement dont vous jugez, et l'on vous mesurera avec la mesure dont vous mesurez.
3. Pourquoi vois-tu la paille qui est dans l'œil de ton frère et n'aperçois-tu pas la poutre qui est dans ton œil?
4. Ou comment peux-tu dire à ton frère: Laisse-moi ôter une paille de ton œil toi qui as une poutre dans le tien?
5. Hypocrite, ôte premièrement la poutre de ton œil, et alors tu verras comment ôter la paille de l'œil de ton frère.

Mendelssohn

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (whose portrait we gave wrongly in a recent issue) was the son of a Hamburg banker. Born in 1809 of a gifted family, his musical powers developed so early that he made his first public appearance when he was only nine. He was also a painter and scholar. His brilliant life ended when he was only 38.



Peter Puck on Fog

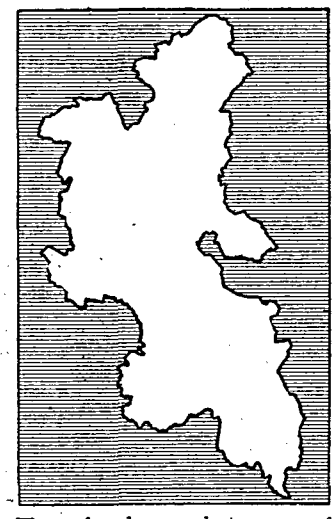
OUR English fog perplexes me.
Why will Dame Nature do it?
The reason may have been explained,
But I just can't see through it.

Arithmetical Puzzle

A TRAIN started eleven minutes late and ran at the rate of ten miles an hour to the next station, a mile and a half away, where it stopped 14½ minutes. A would-be passenger delayed by an accident arrived at the station twelve minutes late, and finding the train just gone, started to walk to the next station at a pace of four miles an hour. Did he catch the train?

Answer next week

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one?

Answer next week

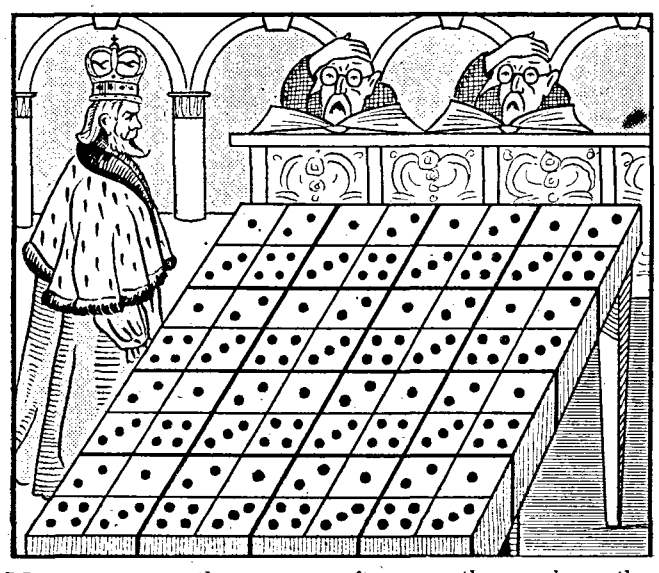
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Ash, Adder, Arum, Angle shades moth, Ant, Autumn crocus, Alder, Anemone.

Jumbled Girls' Names. Audrey, Gwendolen, Brenda, Henrietta, Margaret, Winifred.

Peter Puck's Fun Fair. The portrait spells Leicester. The changed words are hill, hall, hale, dale.

Problem of the Sixteen Dominoes



MANY years ago there was a king in a far-off land who was fond of setting problems for his wise men to solve.

On one occasion the king had made a special set of dominoes, each consisting of four sections. These he placed before the wise men in the order shown and commanded them to rearrange the 16 dominoes in the form of a square so that any two adjoining numbers were the same. Thus, 1 on one domino was next to 1 on another domino, 2 against 2, and so on.

At first the wise men appeared to be baffled, but eventually, after more than an hour, they were able to show the king the dominoes rearranged correctly. There is no doubt that they could have solved the problem very much quicker, but it must be remembered that they would wish to flatter their royal master who set the test.

How quickly can you rearrange the dominoes in the required manner?

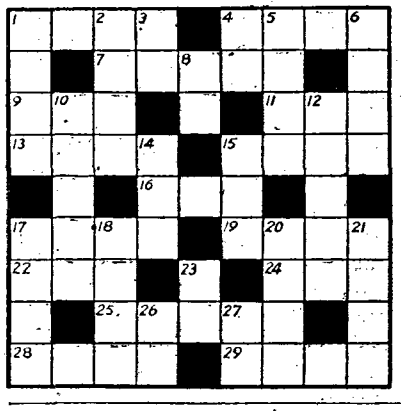
It will be well worth while to make copies on cardboard of the 16 dominoes and when you have solved this fascinating problem you can try it on your friends. The correct rearrangement will be given next week.

Jacko Gives His Orders



BIG Sister Belinda had just moved into her new house. While Jacko was in charge one day no fewer than three bakers called. "Any bread today?" asked one. "Oh, rather," answered Jacko. "How many?" "About six," said Jacko. He was upstairs when the second man came. "Any bread today?" he sang out. "Yes; six," bawled Jacko, thinking of something else. "Any bread today?" asked a third voice. "Six—I told you," shouted Jacko angrily. The consequence was that when Belinda came home she found the kitchen table full of bread!

Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. **1.** Long-necked swimming bird. **4.** This little stick tops the wicket. **7.** Celestial body with a tail. **9.** A sticky fluid. **11.** Poem. **13.** Stalk. **15.** To send forth. **16.** To be unwell. **17.** To pry. **19.** Advanced. **22.** Curve which might form part of a circle. **24.** Scottish county town. **25.** Vegetable mould. **28.** Band of wood or metal. **29.** This indicates cancel correction.

Reading Down. **1.** Sinks in the middle. **2.** The highest point. **3.** Negative. **4.** To have a real state. **5.** A minute quantity. **6.** A Scottish list of candidates. **8.** Myself. **10.** To pronounce or speak. **12.** A day-by-day record. **14.** To spoil. **15.** A fairy. **17.** A footway. **18.** Sound returned. **20.** A hop kiln. **21.** At first. **23.** Exist. **26.** Elevated. **27.** You and me.

Answer next week

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each Tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Your CN

The only way to make sure of your CN is to place an order for it to be reserved for you each week.

Newsagents must now order only the exact number of CNs they require, for it is imperative that there shall be no waste. Wood pulp, from which paper is made, comes from abroad, and in wartime cargo space is valuable.

Will you please help to save this waste, and at the same time help your newsagent and the CN, by filling in this Order Form and handing it to your newsagent.

Children's Newspaper ORDER FORM

Please obtain for me the CN each week

Name

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THANK YOU

CN 27 WS 12

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